Saturday Review

JULY 1, 1961 / 25¢

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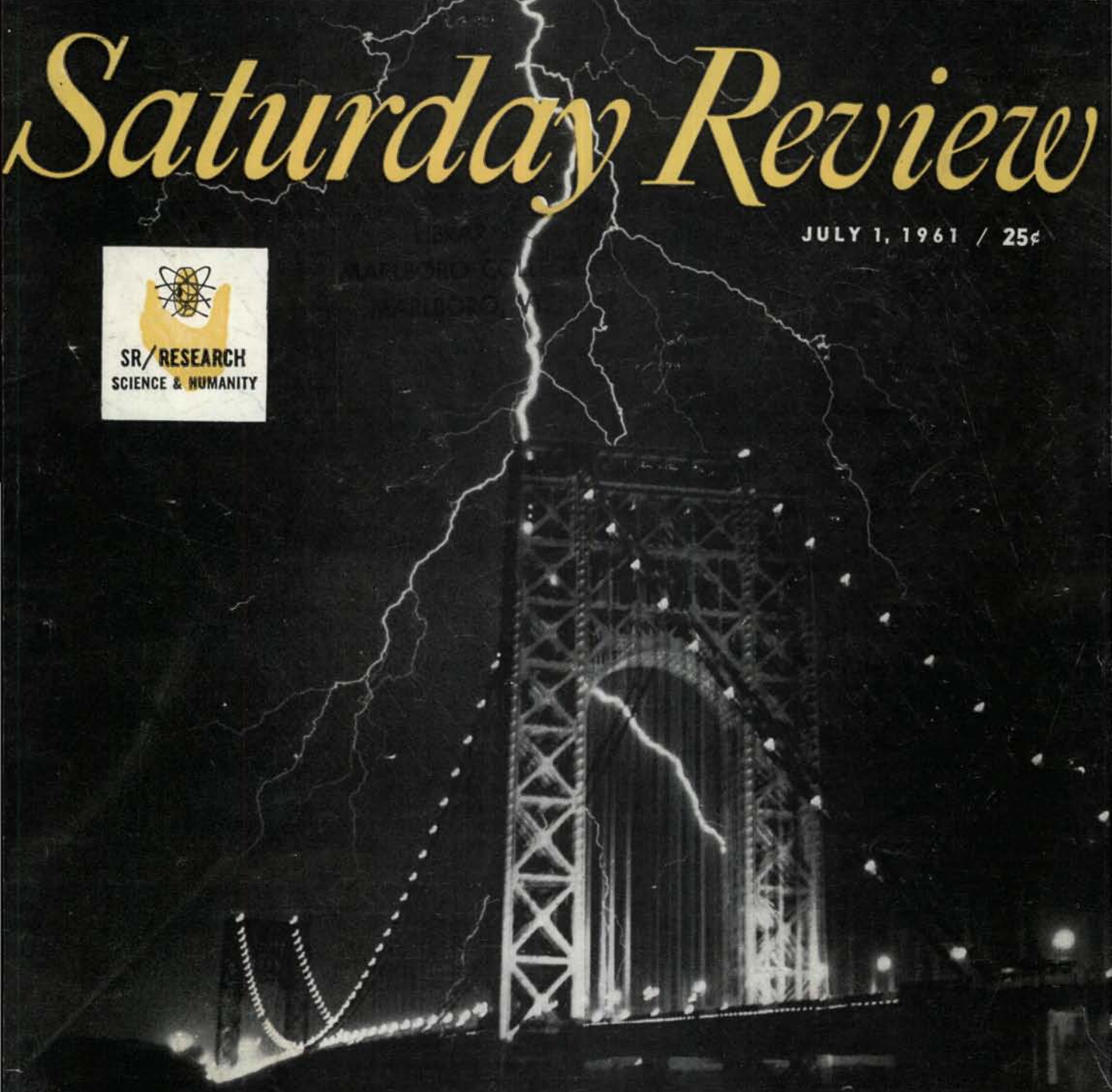

THE ANCIENT MYSTERY OF THUNDER

By Wilfred J. Remillard

SPECIAL REPORT ON MONEY AND CREDIT

Henry C. Wallich reviews a thre

of the Committee for Economic

MR ROBERT S TREAT
THE PUTNEY SCHOOL
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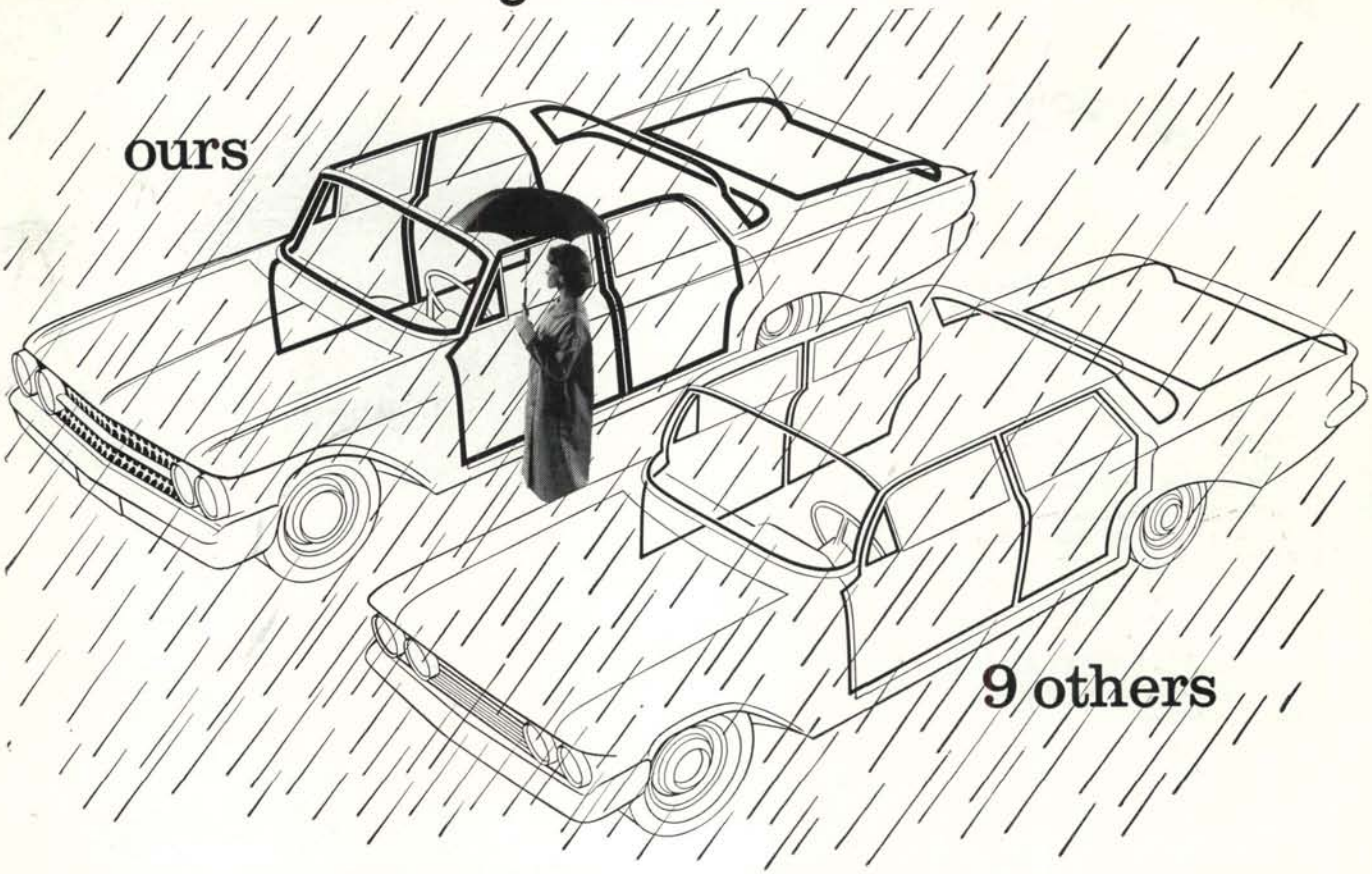

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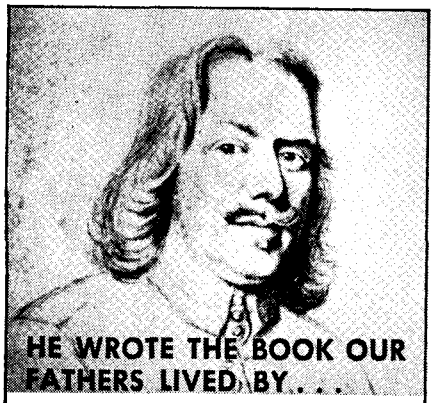

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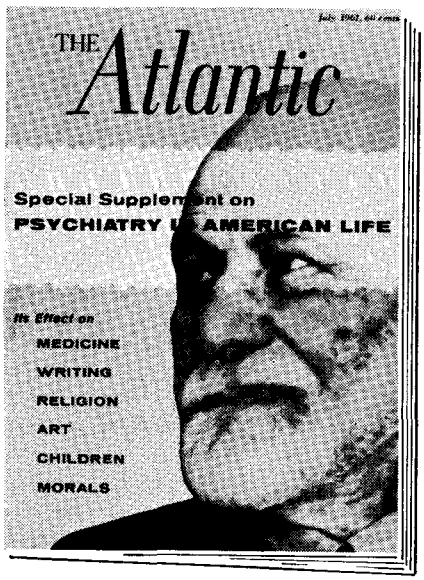

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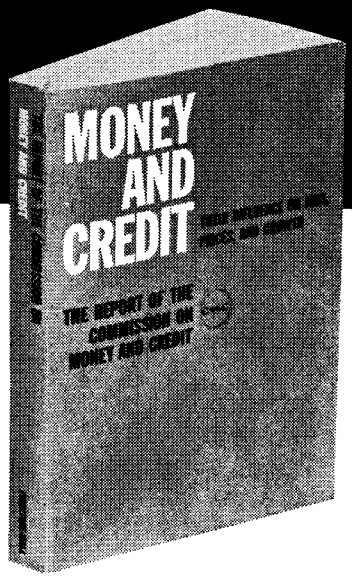
Coming July 7—
The long awaited Report of the Commission on Money and Credit



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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

JUNE busted out, not necessarily all over, but definitely up—in fact, it was a difficult month to keep one's feet on the ground. The most intriguing news story of the month was the buck Rogers Superman "Rocketeer," Harry Graham. He was the man in Buffalo, New York, who, through the courtesy of the Bell Aerosystems Company, not only flew with the greatest of ease, but also without wearing anything except a twin-jet cloak. Somehow, even at an altitude of only twenty feet and flying only twenty miles an hour, Harry Graham seemed more important—and eventually more practical—than all the rockets, missiles, and space gadgets so far.

• • •

Even the Pennsylvania Railroad got into the spirit of the thing. They ordered an experimental 200-passenger "Levacar," which they hope will be able to go between New York and Philadelphia at speeds up to 500 mph. The Levacar rides, not on wheels, but on "levapads" or perforated discs that spray jets of air down to support the car and keep it on—or rather a fraction of an inch above—the rails. As for the feeling of riding it, why it feels just like riding on what it is, of course—air.

The speech that impressed us most was delivered at a book and author dinner put on by the Junior League in Richmond. It was delivered by an author who not only comes from as far from the Sunny South as possible—Ely, Minnesota—but who has also written a book about a land even farther from Dixie—the Canadian Northwest. The book was "The Lonely Land," and the author was Sigurd Olson, a world-famous biologist who has followed the portage trail of the old-time "voyageurs."

A gentle man, Mr. Olson nonetheless left his entire audience ready to fight, at the drop of a billboard, in defense of any piece of park or unspoiled land. He also told us why he took to the wilderness, and, with typical modesty, did so in the words of one of his associates. "I went along," his friend said, "to iron out the wrinkles in my soul."

• • •

At the convention of the American Booksellers Association in Washington, we ran into an even more widely traveled author—Australian Morris West, of "The Devil's Advocate" fame. Among other distinctions, he is probably the only author who has, within a space of four years and with his wife and three children, set up housekeeping in no less than seven countries—Australia, England, Italy, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, and the United States. (He now commutes between New York and Los Angeles.) At the ABA gathering his speech was devoted to a condemnation of U.S. educators who, he said, "wrap up snippets of unrelated knowledge in gelatin capsules coated with saccharine." West rests his devil's advocacy, in a sense, on his own home grounds—his eldest son, Christopher, six. West told us that although Christopher is no genius, while attending school in Los Angeles he had to be successively advanced—compared to his previous Australian status—two full grades. "And," snapped West, "he's still bored."

• • •

At the same dinner, we had a private discussion with Harvardman George Stevens of Lippincott. The question was the privation of the Harvard boys who, for the first time in 325 years, had to graduate last month with just plain English diplomas, instead of the traditional Latin. Although a firm admirer of Harvard's president, Stevens feels that at the very least the affair should have given Dr. Pusey a new nickname—Winnie Ille Pusey.

• • •

On the television front a major show, "PM East" with Mike Wallace (as well as "PM West" with Terry O'Flaherty), entered the lists, via Westinghouse, against other nighttime competition which shall be nameless. Our favorite review of the show was by Lawrence Laurent in the Washington *Post*:

> Mike Wallace, who is the interlocutor for "PM East," doesn't look like the kind of a fellow who can summon tears as easily as reading an underwear commercial. Nor does Mike strike me as the kind of a guy who would fire a network for refusing to let him tell an ancient wheeze about long-distance plumbing. Mike hasn't learned how to gush in praise of Latin American dictators as saviors of humanity; hasn't had a lesson in describing his daughter's lingerie; doesn't know the first thing about insulting gossip columnists, and hasn't even acquired a regiment of former friends with whom to stage a timely "feud." Plainly Wallace has many handicaps.

• • •

In the theatre field, two funerals took place in exactly the same location, a funeral home on Madison Avenue, within a few days of each other—that of George S. Kaufman ("Of Thee I Sing," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," etc.), and that of Robert E. Griffith, ("Pajama Game," "West Side Story," etc.)

In a sense there were many similarities. Both were men known to everybody in the theatre, both were team men, one a co-author, the other a co-producer, both had contributed much to the theatre, and both had gained much, in the way of material rewards, from the theatre. Both also had won virtually every prize the theatre has to give—from the Pulitzer on down.

But there were differences. The first was a man well known to the general public, lesser known as a private person. The second was a man hardly known to the public at all, but one of the most beloved personal figures in the history of the theatre. Somehow these differences were most evident in the way people spoke of the two events. People on their way to the first funeral spoke of going to "the Kaufman funeral"—people on their way to the latter spoke only of going to "Bobby's funeral."

In the first instance, the service seemed almost removed from the person involved. Even when Moss Hart, concluding his eulogy, turned and said, "Thank you, George. Farewell," there was a strange impersonality — albeit great respect and reverence—to it all. In the second instance the chapel was full all the way out to the street a whole half-hour before the event, the flowers literally filled the whole funeral home, and there did not seem to be a single person in attendance who was not deeply and personally affected.

The service was conducted movingly by Bobby's brother, a missionary in the Philippine Islands. Russ Brown, an actor and friend of Bobby's, spoke briefly about Bobby's generosity and goodness. So, too, did Hal Prince, Bobby's partner for thirteen years, who spoke of Bobby as friend, confidant, and traveling companion. Another speaker was George Abbott, Bobby's senior partner, who seemed more visibly moved than anyone who knows him had ever seen him. "He was a good boy," Abbott said. "He was a very good boy. He never let me down. In his whole life, Bobby never let anyone down."

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TRADE Winds

WASHINGTON, D.C.

APPARENTLY Merriman Smith felt like Mort Sahl at the convention of the American Booksellers Association, which was held here recently The famous White House Correspondent stood up before them on June 12 and laid 'em in the aisles with his irreverent barbs at the new Administration.

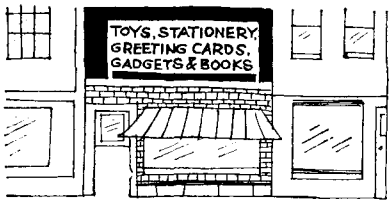
Smith said it felt good to get away from the stuffy, smoke-filled locker rooms of the country clubs and out into the fresh air of the yacht basin and polo field.

"Only today," he observed, "the President returned from another rugged outpost of the New Frontier—Palm Beach."

He said that never in his twenty years of covering the White House has he had to dress up so much. "I get into my formal clothes so often," he said, "that my children think I'm moonlighting as a waiter."

The latest of his four books is "A President's Odyssey" (Harper), and the temptation to refer to it (before 900 bookshop people) was irresistible and necessary.

"I am not an author," Smith cracked. "I am a book writer. Of course, if 'A President's Odyssey' doesn't sell better I'll probably become an author. Right



now my main claim to literary fame is that I knew Allen Drury before he wrote his book. He was more confident than most authors. He knew it would be a success before he had seen the galleys, because he had concluded it with: 'written at Washington and Sanibel Island.' Now with my book, I finished it in the Poconos, but I just couldn't get myself to add: 'written at East Stroudsburg.'"

Smith said everybody in Washington is working on books except the staff at the White House. The President, he feels, with three best-sellers to his credit, is not about to allow those people to poach on his territory.

"Can't you just see it," Smith asked, "Caroline's tambourine teacher fleeing abroad and selling her memoirs to the British newspapers?"

THAT'S THE KIND of thing that will make booksellers laugh. What makes them cry is their own troubles trying to make a buck selling books to a seemingly apathetic public and dealing with a seemingly unsympathetic publishing industry. At this ABA convention there were enough publishing representatives so that the bookshop people were able to air their grievances. Whether airing them ever leads to any corrective measures is not clear.

A panel discussion called "The Condition of Bookselling and Trade Publishing" led to some lively blasts between bookshop and publisher. The irritating thorns in the side of the average bookseller are price cutting, book clubs, archaic shipping and billing systems, and the tiny profit margin for the bookshop owner.

"We have customers," one man complained, "who come in and look at our books, take note of the titles and publishers, and then go and order them at a discount from someplace else."

One New York bookseller cried, "Publishers pretend they can't find out who's cutting the prices on books. Let 'em come to my office; I'll tell them."

Another cantankerous gentleman in the bookselling business demanded to know of the publishers on the panel whether they offered their books as premiums to book clubs. They were hard put to make a satisfactory reply. This is what bookshops hate. One proprietor told me that any number of customers have come in to look at "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," to see if it is worth joining a certain book club to get it for nothing. Another one described to me how children come in with their parents to her bookstore and see a juvenile book they haven't read.

"Oh, mommy!" they cry. "There's one we don't have!"

"Yes, dear, but we'll get that in the Random House book club."

"IF THE CURRENT trend goes on," according to Arthur Rosenthal, president of Basic Books, Inc., "the sight of a purchaser going into an individual bookstore and buying a book is going to be a fluke."

Another gripe on the part of the booksellers is the complicated red tape involved in ordering books, returning them, getting bills, etc. One lady rose in the heat of the discussion and offered her solution.

"Every time we receive a damaged book or a wrong one, we return it and charge the publisher a 10 per cent handling charge. And messy jackets—we've had books sitting on our shelves for months because of a dirty jacket. Now we order a new jacket and if it doesn't come in ten days, we return the book to the publishing firm with that 10 per cent handling charge. And I suggest you all do that," she exhorted the rest of the assemblage. Booksellers — who have to wait a minimum of two weeks for an order to be filled, and usually a longer time, only to open the package

and sometimes find it damaged or not the book they ordered—applauded sympathetically.

Theodore Wilentz, who runs the Eighth Street Book Shop in New York, considered the future of the bookselling business and said, "If this kind of thing continues you'll see a small number of bookshops and a large number of greeting card stores throughout the country."

Booksellers, most of whom entered the business for a love of books, often catch themselves hating them, because of the headaches that have come with them. A White Plains man said, "I feel I'm a merchant first and a book lover second. I seem to be in the party goods and stuffed animals business."

That's what book lovers deplore: the fact that browsing in a bookstore has gone the way of the Model T Ford. Mrs. Elsie Marten, head of a bookstore in Elyria, Ohio, told me that recently a high school teacher brought her twelfth-grade class in on a tour, *so they could see what a bookshop looked like.* The youngsters were stunned. Had never seen anything like it!

MERRIMAN SMITH said that when the President's party first glimpsed the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles on the recent trip to France, they said, "Good place for touch football."

—JEROME M. BEATTY.

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DOROTHY PALLAS:
DREAM CHALICE

I dream of nectar in the deep
Red trumpet of the summer's sleep,
Where long-tongued bumblebees must
. . . drain
The essence of the flower.

I dream of crystal in the far
White beacon of a winter star,
Where fingertips must numb . . .
to hold
The light day will devour.

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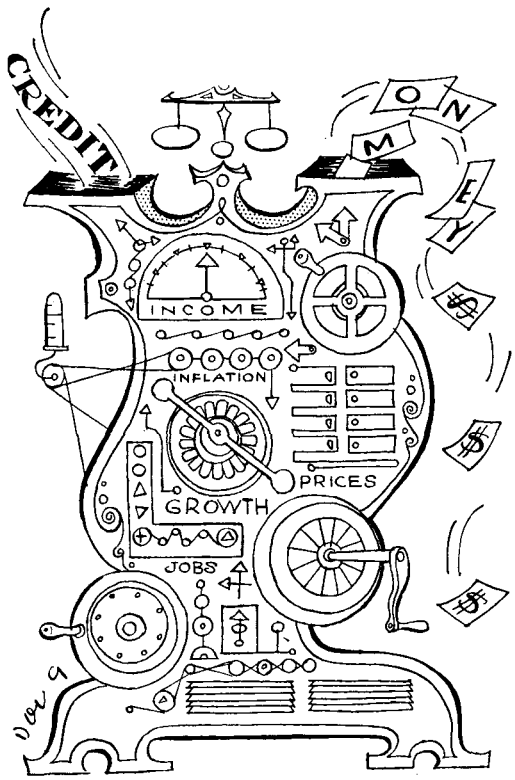
MAKING SENSE OF MONEY AND CREDIT



An Economist Reviews a Three-Year Study of the Nation's Financial Machinery

By HENRY C. WALLICH

"WHAT'S so complicated about money and credit?" a lady of my acquaintance asked me not long ago. "Money is what you can get if you have credit; credit is what you can get if you have enough money so that you don't need it."

Far from being an isolated view of the matter, this is, I think, a fairly common reaction—and for everyday purposes it serves well enough. But once one moves beyond the simple—or not so simple—household budget and tries to see money and credit as they function in the national and global economy, one finds himself faced with a dense tangle of financial machinery.

This machinery is, in fact, so sensitive that any change in its delicate balance will almost inevitably affect vast numbers of people in what they are paid for their work and what they must pay for the things they want. Furthermore, such a change will invariably have its impact on national growth.

One remarkable fact about our monetary machinery is that, considering its far-reaching effects, it is so little understood. It was the hope of increasing understanding of it, particularly where it affects growth and stability, that was one of the reasons for the efforts of the Commission on Money and Credit, which has just released its report after almost three years of intensive work.

This report, prepared by a group of able and influential citizens, is, I believe, a landmark. My guess is that its proposals will exert a continuing influence on national monetary affairs, though they may be translated into legislation and action only partially and slowly.

Before looking at the proposals themselves, a word of background:

WHEN Allan Sproul, retiring president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and one of the world's great central bankers, issued his proposal for a national monetary commission in the fall of 1956, he could scarcely have foreseen how far his parting shot would carry. Sproul saw that the economy had outgrown some of the assumptions on which its monetary and financial arrangements were predicated. He saw that the Federal Reserve had difficulty in coping with the new kind of inflationary pressure that was breaking through a surface of price stability. But before the Commission on Money and Credit that finally emerged from his proposal got through with its job, the scope of the investigation had substantially widened. Inflation had maintained its status as a pressing problem. But meanwhile the issues of growth, of unemployment, and of the balance of payments deficit had come into ominous focus. The Commission's report has had to face up to them.

The Commission first met in June, 1958. Previous efforts on the part of President Eisenhower to obtain Congressional backing for a Presidentially appointed commission had been sidetracked by politics. The Commission was appointed by a selection committee consisting of presidents of universities and major research institutions. The original plan had been for a group of moderate size. But, like French Cabinets, the number grew in response to efforts to insure balance and fair representation until there were twenty-five members including the chairman. Among them were six bankers, four other financial men, three with labor connections, three lawyers, two industrialists, two professors, and a sprinkling of trade, agriculture, and housing specialists. Eight or ten might be classed as liberals of various shades of militancy, most of the rest as middle-of-the-road conservatives.

Preparation of the report was a

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mammoth job. One hundred and ten professors wrote 11,000 pages of research papers. The character of the job follows quite logically from the premises on which the work was undertaken. It is a mistake to compare the CMC of 1958 with the Monetary Commission of fifty years ago, which under the chairmanship of Senator Aldrich spawned the Federal Reserve. The Aldrich Commission had a single and clear-cut job: to pave the way for a central bank. The CMC faced no such challenge. No single glaring defect of the financial system stared it in the face. A host of lesser matters called for attention and received it.

Nor did the Commission members try to make intellectual history such as the British Radcliffe Committee had somewhat rashly undertaken not long before. As a group of elder statesmen, their job was to make wise choices among existing and conflicting views and proposals. Meanwhile, by its self-denial, the Commission has protected itself somewhat against the onslaught from academic economists that would have been sure to follow any attempt to pronounce *ex cathedra* on purely theoretical matters.

The Commissioners do not always speak with one voice. In the final report, individual dissents are flagged with footnotes. In the more sensitive places, these mount to a vigorous crescendo. At one point, a member felt impelled to present a 12,000-word footnote, which eventually fissioned off into a separate pamphlet. But the safety valve of the footnote device makes the remaining consensus all the more impressive. None of the members was compelled to sacrifice a vital position Nor did the majority have to buy off recalcitrant minorities and horse-trade down to the lowest common denominator.

Here are some of the high spots of the report:

NATIONAL ECONOMIC GOALS: Money and credit matter because they are means towards attaining our economic goals. With its discussion of these goals, the Commission bravely explores some of the hottest areas of current controversy. The Commissioners want growth, low unemployment, and reasonable price stability, as all the rest of us do. They ask whether there is affinity or conflict between any of these.

We have here the triangle that contemporary economics promises to made eternal. Low unemployment of course gets along famously with growth. Stable prices also are compatible with growth, the Commissioners say, therewith summarily rejecting the doctrine that inflation is desirable as a cause or at least inevitable as a result of growth. It is between low unemployment and reasonable price stability that the potential trouble lies. Low unemployment places labor in a strong bargaining position and makes employers willing to bid up wages. This spells rising wages and rising prices.

The Commission prescribes several remedies that are to facilitate peaceful coexistence of low unemployment and stable prices. If these are followed, a happy *ménage à trois* is possible; our three principal goals are compatible, and even mutually reinforcing. This is the fundamentally optimistic belief that imbues the Commission's discussion of national economic goals.

LOW UNEMPLOYMENT: To achieve low unemployment, the Commission assumes monetary, fiscal, and debt management policies designed to generate an adequate level of demand. It shies away from qualifying as adequate the 4 per cent unemployment figure usually cited. Instead, it suggests that the number of unemployed workers should be about the same as the number of unfilled vacancies. In the U.S., nobody has any idea what the number of vacancies amounts to. Hence the proposal sounds reasonably innocuous. But those who read the Beveridge Report after the war may recall its proposal that, in England, the number of vacancies should exceed the number of unemployed. By following this advice Britain assured for herself steady and vigorous inflation. I doubt that the Commission's more moderate formulation would have a very different effect in the U.S. To justify 4 per cent unemployment there would have to be nearly 3,000,000 open jobs. I doubt that anything like this extreme unfilled demand for labor existed even during periods when unemployment was down to the 4 per cent level.

Yet the Commission stresses that unemployment below 4 per cent probably cannot safely be promoted by stepping up demand. To attain a lower figure, greater labor mobility is needed through an improved employment service, retraining, and removal of such practices as feather-bedding and discrimination.

REASONABLE PRICE STABILITY: The uneasiness inspired by the unemployment section of the report is not altogether allayed by what the Commission has to say under the heading of inflation. The report firmly endorses, to be sure, the use of monetary, fiscal, and debt management policy to fight inflation. It thus parts company with those who say that these measures, designed to curb excessive demand, are useless in an inflation caused by upward pressure of wages and arbitrary administration of prices. It is right in rejecting this position. The new type of inflation would obviously be further aggravated if at the same time demand were stimulated by easy money and large deficits.

But the commission does accept the reality of the "new inflation," as most analysts now do. Hence, while it proposes to use the traditional tools in fighting inflation, it does not propose to fight it to a standstill with them. And how the remainder of the fight is to be won, the Commission has no more been able to tell us than anybody else. It steers clear – rightly – of price control

STATE OF THE NATION'S ECONOMY: The accompanying article is a discussion of a major report on the present and future state of the national economy, just released by the Commission on Money and Credit. The Commission came into being after the efforts of President Eisenhower and the Congress to create a similar commission ended in disagreement. It was established as an independent organization by the Committee for Economic Development, whose board of trustees had become convinced of the need for an organization, outside of government, to examine the public and private money and credit institutions of the country. Funds for the study—the first since that of the Aldrich Commission in 1908—were supplied by the Ford and Merrill foundations. The Commission started work in 1958 with Frazar B. Wilde, chairman of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, as chairman, and with Dr. Bertrand Fox, of the Harvard School of Business Administration, and Dr. Eli Shapiro, professor of finance at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as directors of research. The report, entitled "Money and Credit: Their Influence on Jobs, Prices, and Growth," is based on a vast amount of research by leading scholars in U. S. universities, and on detailed information supplied by the Federal Reserve, the Treasury, and financial trade organizations. The report itself, along with other material growing out of the st[illegible] being published by Prentice-Hall. The Commission's major recom[illegible] are discussed and analyzed here by Henry C. Wallich, profes[illegible] at Yale University and a former assistant to the Secretary [illegible] member of the President's Council of Economic Advi[illegible] recent book is "The Cost of Freedom," which argue[illegible] free economy for its freedom more than for its eff[illegible]

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and its junior versions, such as public hearings on impending price increases. It proposes antitrust action, more labor mobility, exposure to foreign competition, better farm and public procurement policies. It calls for self-restraint on the part of business and labor. But it does not say that wage increases should remain limited to average productivity gains, or that prices should be cut by firms whose profit margins widen. And of course it does not say how stability is to be maintained if this doesn't happen.

GROWTH: The Commission wisely abstains from naming a particular growth target, although the rumble of dissenting footnotes rises at this point. A look at annual rates of growth since the war will show how troublesome a policy guide an annual growth target could become. Growth over the period 1947-59 averaged 3.5 per cent, but this rate was reached only about twice in any particular year. In four of these years, for example, we doubled the rate; in three, GNP actually declined; in three more it was well away from the average. The Commission, clearly aware of all this, limits itself to projecting a rate averaging 3.5-4.5 per cent per year for the decade ahead. With the added measures it endorses, of the sort just mentioned, it thinks the rate might go a little higher. The Commission mentions in passing that a high rate of growth might be achieved by strong central direction and surrender of economic freedom, but naturally does not look with favor upon the idea.

MONETARY POLICY: After this grand opening, the Commission descends to more mundane matters. In the important chapter on monetary policy it comes to the defense of this much criticized practice. Central bankers, who administer monetary policy, are inured to unpopularity. The many barbs to which they have been exposed have made Saint Sebastian, transfixed by arrows, their patron saint. But in recent years the attack has come not only from frustrated borrowers but also from the academic profession. A characteristic lampooning was the one handed out to the high priests of money in John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Affluent Society," though the great man's contempt for monetary policy scarcely seems of the kind that familiarity breeds.

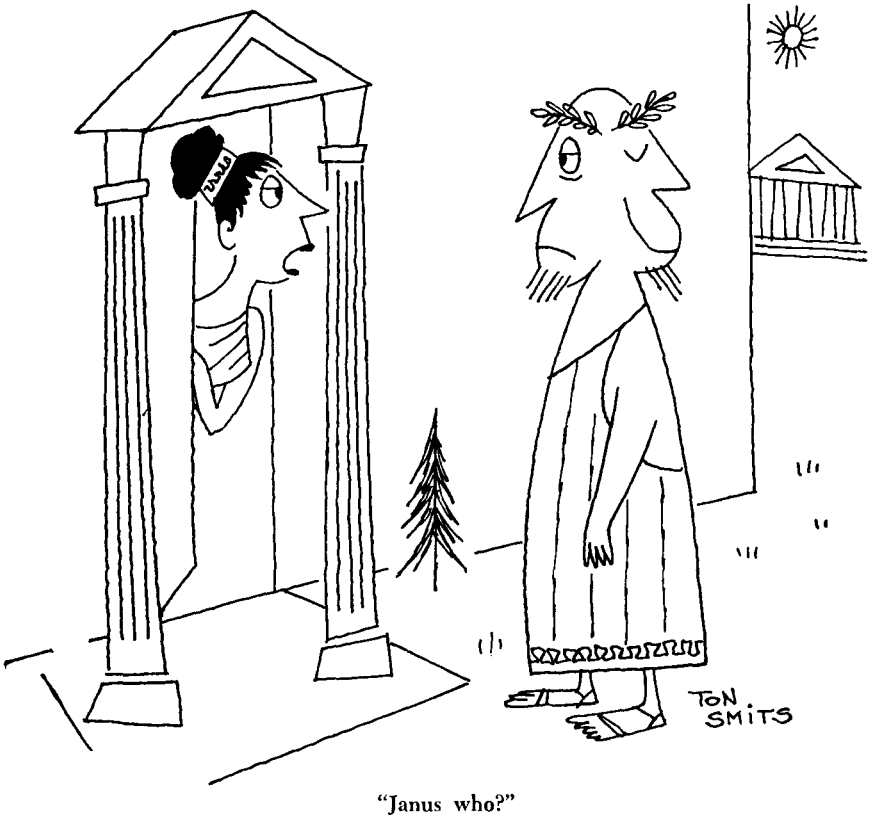
In its relations with academics the Federal Reserve seems to have got itself into a crossfire, not between right and wrong, but between right and left. On the right it has been told that its actions have been too interventionist and often ill-timed. Critics on the left have said that the Federal Reserve should intervene more, that its tools are feeble, and that their use has done much damage. Though not conspicuous for consistency, the attacks from the liberal side have made their mark.

The Commission sides with the liberal critics in one respect: it objects to the "bills only" practice. "Bills only" has been the technician's dream and the politician's nightmare. It seeks to regulate the entire monetary and credit system by manipulating only one lever —the purchase and sale of Treasury bills. It is the ultimate in elegance and indirectness of control, but it cannot guarantee the fuller range of effects that the government may want. Apparently the Commission agreed with those who have felt that in this particular the Federal Reserve has been a little too reserved and not quite federal enough. Meanwhile, St. Sebastian has largely disarmed the critics by dropping "bills only" for the time being. From most of the remaining charges the Commission absolves the Federal Reserve.

The Commission's positive recommendations are for streamlining and updating the Federal Reserve. This means obliterating some of the traces of historical growth and lopping off some of the relics that mark the passage of old ideas. In this way, the ownership of the system by the member banks is virtually ended through repayment of most of the capital (the remaining surplus is quite adequate to keep the Federal Reserve going). The Federal Reserve Bank presidents are taken off the Open Market Committee. Discount rate powers are more firmly vested in the Board of Governors in Washington, with recommendation for regional uniformity of discount rates and practices; the board is reduced from seven to five, the chairman strengthened within the board. The chairman's term of office is so arranged that each incoming president can appoint his man. These changes move the emphasis within the Federal Reserve System away from the private sector and toward the public, away from the regional banks and toward Washington. They continue a trend that dates back at least to the Thirties, and that is perhaps as old as the system itself. Most of the proposed changes are not violent. They may be judged good or bad, but they certainly are not worth bleeding for or against. There is one exception: the appointment of a new chairmen by the incoming president. It is a reasonable proposal, but its consequences could be far-reaching.

FISCAL POLICY: The report's essentially conservative key in the section on monetary policy modulates sharply to liberal as we get to fiscal policy. Here the Commission's problem of how to be advanced enough to please the AFL-CIO without going so far as to scare the National Association of Manufacturers has found a rather one-sided solution. The Commission suggests,

(*Continued on page* 27)



"Janus who?"

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Commitment Without Compromise

By Granville Hicks

JAMES BALDWIN is the author of two fine and strikingly dissimilar novels, "Go Tell It on the Mountain" and "Giovanni's Room," and it is good to hear that his third novel will be published before the end of the year. He is also an uncommonly interesting journalist, as was demonstrated a few years ago by a collection of his pieces, "Notes of a Native Son." Now a second collection has appeared, "**Nobody Knows My Name**" (Dial, $4.50). This contains pieces written during the past six years, some of them quite recently.

Not everything in the book is first-rate. For instance, Baldwin's report on the Conference of Negro-African Writers and Artists, held in Paris in 1956, is long and sometimes pedestrian. "Notes for a Hypothetical Novel," an address prepared for a conference on writing, sounds almost as if it were an unrevised transcript of an informal talk. But most of the essays are good, and several are exciting.

The book is divided into two parts, one devoted to discussions of the situation of the Negro, primarily in America, the other to literary and artistic matters. The second part, which I propose to discuss first, contains comments on Gide and Ingmar Bergman, but is chiefly notable for long essays on Richard Wright and Norman Mailer. These are interesting not only as interpretations of writers Baldwin has known well but also as statements of his views on the functions and the problems of the man of letters in contemporary society.

The article on Wright is in three sections, the first being a review of "Eight Men," written soon after Wright's death. Baldwin continues with a more personal comment. He describes his first meeting with Wright, when the latter was thirty-six and an established writer and he was a fledgling of twenty, and tells of the difficulties in their relationship. Later, in Paris, Wright was offended by an essay Baldwin had written ridiculing the novel of protest, and they were never on easy terms thereafter. Finally, Baldwin reveals his unhappiness about Wright's last years. American Negroes felt that he had lost touch with their problems during his long exile, and African Negroes lacked confidence in him. He was wandering, Baldwin feels, "in a no-man's land between the black world and the white," one of the more illustrious of the many victims, black and white, of a tragic war.

Baldwin respects Norman Mailer, and continues to like him in spite of Mailer's unflattering remarks in "Advertisements for Myself." He met Mailer in Paris six years ago. Of himself he says: "I was then (and I have not changed much) a very tight, tense, lean, abnormally ambitious, abnormally intelligent, and hungry black cat." Mailer, too, as everyone knows, is not an easy man to get along with, and one can imagine that the atmosphere was tense. "We liked each other at once, but each was frightened that the other would pull rank." Later tension relaxed, but they were never completely comfortable together. For one thing, Baldwin was distressed by Mailer's essay "The White Negro," feeling "a kind of fury that so antique a vision of the blacks should, at this late hour, and in so many borrowed heirlooms, be stepping off the A train." He also deplored Mailer's involvement with the hipsters, whom he regarded as a dreary, inferior lot.

Baldwin, however, is not primarily concerned with his relations with Mailer but is trying to explain the latter's present situation. When Mailer first talked about politics, talked about running for President, running for mayor, Baldwin did not take him seriously, but in time he came to realize that Mailer was in earnest, and he was convinced that he was making a mistake. "I do not feel," Baldwin says, "that a writer's responsibility can be discharged in this way. I do not think, if one is a writer, that one can escape it by trying to become something else. One does *not* become something else; one becomes nothing." It was a sudden sense of his predicament, Baldwin believes, that caused Mailer to break out in violence at the famous party last fall. He holds, however, that "these last sad and stormy events" can enrich Mailer's work if he can understand them.

Baldwin, obviously, has tried to learn from the experiences of both his friends. Wright's career has shown him the dangers of exile, and has pointed out some of the temptations he is going to face as an eminent Negro author. Mailer's misadventures have helped him to define the nature of the writer's responsibility. He may make his own mistakes, but he will not make theirs.

I have emphasized these two essays on literary themes, but this does not mean that I am left unmoved by the pieces in which Baldwin speaks out as an American Negro. These are eloquent, uncompromising, and, in my opinion, unanswerable. After telling how he learned in Paris that he was an American, Baldwin gives his impressions of America revisited. He begins with Harlem, and it is a horrifying picture that he presents. Moreover, he holds out no hope to the reformers: "The people in Harlem know they are living there because white people do not think they are good enough to live anywhere else. No amount of 'improvement' can sweeten this fact. Whatever money is now being earmarked to improve this, or any other ghetto, might as well be burnt. A ghetto can be improved in one way only: out of existence." As a postscript to this essay, Baldwin offers an account of the Negro demonstration at the United Nations after the killing of Lumumba, and he makes that unhappy incident all too understandable.

Two essays record his impressions of the South, which he was seeing for the first time. In one he discusses integration from the point of view of the mother of a student in an integrated school, a woman who wants her boy to have an education and is willing to make and to ask him to make great sacrifices. The other essay is a description of Atlanta, in which Baldwin shows how complex and how terribly urgent the problem is.

Finally, there is Baldwin's reply to William Faulkner. It should be said that Baldwin indicts North as well as South, leaving no footing for white complacency either side of the Mason-Dixon line. But Southern apologetics fascinate him, and he analyzes in a rigorous but not unkindly fashion the tortured maneuverings of Faulkner's conscience, the talk about the middle of the road, the plea for time.

Baldwin bases his whole argument on one simple proposition: "Negroes want to be treated like men." They want to be, and they must be, and until they are, our tensions and frustrations will grow worse and worse. Meanwhile, Baldwin speaks boldly as a Negro—that is to say, as a human being—while recognizing his responsibility to the craft he practises. Norman Mailer has written: "James Baldwin is too charming a writer to be major." If he is suggesting that Baldwin lacks conviction and determination and boldness, he could not be more wrong.

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The States in Synthesis

"American Perspectives: The National Self-Image in the Twentieth Century," edited by Robert E. Spiller and Eric Larrabee *(Harvard. 194 pp. $4.75), surveys our culture during the past fifty years. August Heckscher is director of the Twentieth Century Fund.*

By August Heckscher

THERE are (as I shall point out) solid merits in this book; but its genesis—candidly and even naïvely set forth by its editors—could be taken as a parody of all the more disconcerting features of contemporary intellectual life. The Library of Congress series in American culture has produced over the past decade a number of useful books on aspects of the twentieth-century scene. The idea then occurred that it would be suitable to cap the series with a "volume of synthesis." Other volumes have dealt with education, farm life, family life, politics, etc.; this final volume was to report "what American culture adds up to"—or "what it looks like to itself."

The American Studies Association was asked to undertake this task; a title was chosen, a board of editors was set up, and a group of ten specialists in "history, literature, philosophy, politics, economics, sociology, art, music, the popular arts and the mass media" was convoked. "Collaboration began immediately with a week-end conference . . . it was continued by an exchange of preliminary drafts and criticism of completed manuscript."

And then what happened? As might have been foreseen, and as the editors are engagingly honest in announcing, nothing happened at all. Or at least nothing in the way of a magic synthesis. "Carefully planned and thoroughly discussed though they were, the chapters, when written, revealed as many different approaches to the problem as there were authors."

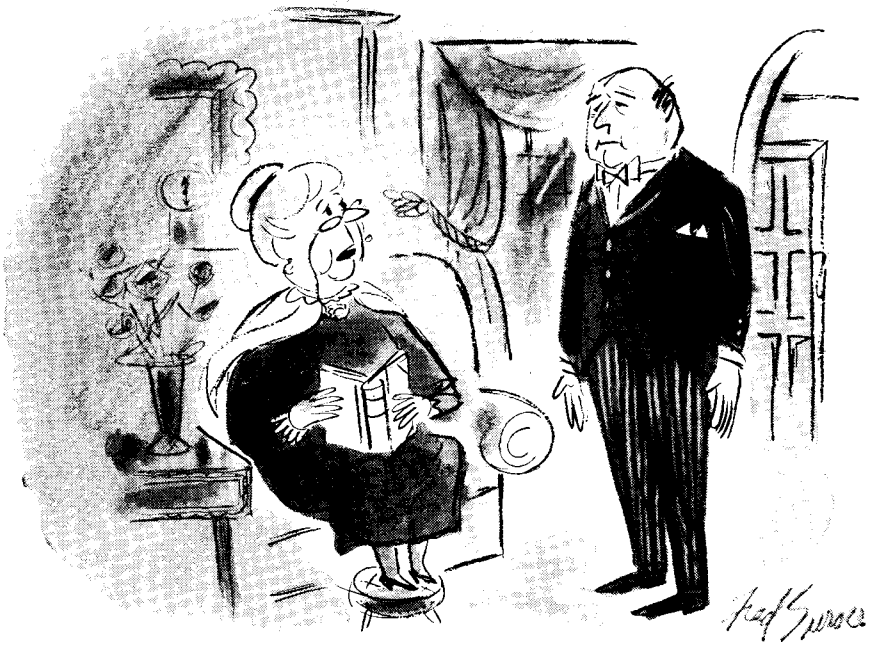
It all seems too good to be true: the original idea of seeing what American culture "adds up to"; the interlocking committees of the association, the board, the editors, the experts; the prompt calling of the week-end conference, the editing and re-editing—and then, when it was all done (and when five years had been consumed) the appearance of a book composed of disparate essays that in a less bureaucratic atmosphere might have been elicited at the cost of a dozen four-cent stamps! Fortunately, the editors had the good sense not to be discouraged. They have issued the essays despite their stubborn separateness; they even make a brave attempt at drawing from the diversity some hints of a common theme.

Apart from the differing treatments of the topics, there is a basic confusion in point of view. Thus painting and sculpture are examined with an eye to "the evolving images of America" embodied therein; while mass production and economics are examined as images in themselves, which have appeared under different aspects to different groups within the population and at different moments over the past half century. But leaving this aside, we can agree with the editors that this survey of diverse fields does show, all in all, how the norms of the earlier decades were eroded as the century advanced. The period between wars was, in almost all fields, one of expanding and undisciplined energies. The years since 1945 have found American culture both trying to come to terms with itself, to become focused and identifiable, and at the same time to adapt itself to the new scale of international life.

The value of the book is not, however, in these generalities. It is in the separate pieces, some of which are brilliant, and all of which show a high level of thoughtfulness. American painting and sculpture of the past fifty years will perhaps nowhere find an interpretation so succinct, illuminating, and hospitable to diverse schools as that provided by Lloyd Goodrich in his chapter. Kenneth Boulding, writing about conflicting attitudes toward American business, is sharply perceptive and wryly optimistic in his conclusion that the twentieth century may yet go down as the "great age of integration"—an age in which, for the first time, "a classless society was created by everybody becoming middle class."

The doctrine of mass production is treated by Eric Larrabee with freshness of view and the assimilation of much recently neglected material. (I am delighted, for instance, to see him paying due tribute to the writings of Mr. E. A. Filene, founder of the Twentieth Century Fund.) Reuel Denny returns to the subject of popular culture, to which he has already made notable contributions, bringing in the hopeful suggestion that at least—rather tentatively and modestly—small, differentiated audiences are beginning to take root in the midst of the great mass audience which had seemed in danger of sweeping all before it.

It is impossible in a review to mention all the chapters. Let me therefore end with an unsought-for suggestion. If the editors really want what they originally set out to get, a synthesis and a philosophy, let them ask one man to do it. The individual can sometimes achieve what slips from the grasp of ten experts and half as many committees.



"Tell cook I'll have a B.L.T. on white, and hold the mayo."

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Homework of the Free

"Education for Public Responsibility," edited by C. Scott Fletcher *(Norton. 198 pp. $4.50), assembles fourteen essays examining the need to prepare the individual for his role as citizen of the world. Ordway Tead is a member of the Board of Higher Education of New York City.*

By Ordway Tead

THIS is not, in the formal sense, a book primarily on education. It is, rather, a scrutiny of what is inadequate in the assumption by today's citizenry of their responsibility for the conduct of our society. As C. Scott Fletcher, president of the Fund for Adult Education, who is editor of the volume, says in his preface, the fourteen essays comprising it "treat both the predicament of the American people today and the education that is called for. . . . They do so from varying vantage points and philosophies but they share commitment to the values of a self-governing society, concern for its future, and a passionate desire that free men continually discover and develop their capacities to the fullest in their responsible use both as persons and as citizens."

It is not strange, therefore, that the total impact of these well-selected contributions is at once eloquent, aspiring, and by way of summoning us all to a renewed and meaningful faith in the operating values of democracy.

Robert M. Hutchins in his characteristic, candid, provocative, and basically encouraging first chapter, "Is Democracy Possible?," sets the mood in his concluding sentence: "It is still our responsibility, now more than ever, to see to it that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from this earth."

Adlai Stevenson's essay, "Politics and Morality," follows. He reminds us, in a manner familiar to those who know his preoccupying concerns, that "we are in the Atlantic world, 16 per cent of the world's peoples consuming 70 per cent of the world's wealth." And he stresses that this moral situation is intolerable for us "unless moral insights of justice and compassion stir us to understand the privileged position in which we live."

In the chapter entitled "Urgent Query: Why Do We Lack Statesmen?" Henry Steele Commager analyzes our need and reminds us of Plato's comment, "What is honored in a country will be cultivated there."

The more directly educational approaches are offered by Leo Strauss, Margaret Mead, and F. S. C. Northrop. Leo Strauss leads off with a lucid and engaging essay, "What Is Liberal Education?" I wish he might have had a further word of interpretation on the complementary roles of "liberal" and "general" education. But when he says that "liberal education consists in listening to the conversation among the greatest minds," one hesitates to take exception beyond the qualifying caveat that along with imparting essential contemporary knowledge, teachers must be able always to relate the great insights and virtues of the past to their relevancy in illuminating the troubled present.

Miss Mead vigorously italicizes her conviction that "no one will live all his life in the world into which he was born, and no one will die in the world in which he worked in his maturity." The essence of her thesis is that we need "an educational system in which all individuals will be assured of the secondary and higher education they want and can use any time throughout their entire lives."

Considering "What Kind of American Civilization Do We Want?" Professor Northrop offers in large part a summary of ideas he develops more fully in his brilliant book "Philosophical Anthropology and Practical Politics," having to do with the need for cultural discernment and empathy between the "developed" and "undeveloped" nations.

Writing out of long experience, Henry M. Wriston pleads for more "Humanists and Generalists," observing that they "take years to produce and bring to ripe maturity."

Emory F. Bacon takes as his pertinent theme "Achieving Excellence in Labor Education" and advocates "four labor education academies, national or regional in scope, and designed to conduct courses for trade union personnel on a year-round basis. . . ."

An exigent contribution is that of Arnold H. Maremont on "Dangers of Corporate Activity in Politics," which reaches the more and more accepted conclusion that "only if each businessman assumes his political responsibilities as an individual can our democratic heritage be preserved."

Charles P. Taft asserts in answer to the topic "Should Business Go Into Politics?" that in general terms the answer is "No."

A somewhat tangential offering is "Mr. Truman's Uses of History," by R. G. Cowherd, who stresses in educational terms the values that persistent historical reading had for the President.

Harlan Cleveland proffers, as always, a fresh insight in his "Dinosaurs and Personal Freedom." The dinosaurs are large-scale organizations; and this is a pointing out—at least indirectly—of the limitations and errors of William H. Whyte's thesis in "The Organization Man." To me, this is one of the most incisive contributions to the symposium.

HENRY A. KISSINGER treats "The Policy Maker and the Intellectual"; in the essay he tells the intellectual how to function more effectually in policy-making—an eminently timely exposition in the light of the composition of President Kennedy's brain trust.

Scott Buchanan's searching treatise, "Learning Under Law," drives home the central point that the legal structure of our society is fundamentally an educational force upon us as citizens in that the legal guidelines as to what is publicly acceptable exercise considerable behavior-shaping influences.

This itemization does scant justice to each voice here articulated. Nor does it begin to suggest the variegated facets of the individual's public responsibilities in today's world. If the reader leaves this volume with a sense of the magnitude of the democratic citizen's responsibility, this is not to be wondered at. Yet the problem educationally is far from hopeless. Why, for example, cannot some foundation support the donation of this penetrating volume to the presidents, deans, and heads of the departments of philosophy and political science in our nearly 2,000 universities and colleges? It might well gradually pay off by influencing what is taught in college curricula to the nearly 3,000,000 students who are de[illegible] be especially responsible [illegible]

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Town of Many Talents

***"Midland," edited by Paul Engle** (Random House. 581 pp. $6.50), presents an anthology of fiction and poetry by alumni of the vigorous writers' workshop at the State University of Iowa. Rust Hills, fiction editor of Esquire, teaches short story writing at Columbia School of General Studies and is director of the New York City Writers Conference at Wagner College, Staten Island.*

By Rust Hills

WHEN Paul Engle speaks of Iowa City as "the Athens of the Midwest," it is hard to tell if he is joking, or even if he ought to be. A muddy sort of town (pop. 33,500) on the muddy Iowa River, it isn't even the capital of Iowa. In the literary world no one has ever heard of Des Moines; "Iowa" means the State University of Iowa and specifically the University Writers Workshop. In 1932, when few universities considered giving advanced degrees for creative work, the first book of poems accepted by Iowa as an MA thesis was "Worn Earth," a collection by Paul Engle, a twenty-four-year-old poet who had come to Iowa from Coe College. The next year he went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, then returned to Iowa as head of the University Writers Workshop, which he has directed, devotedly and successfully, ever since.

With a mysterious mixture of literary judgment and public relations genius (the Iowa City dateline is said to have "magic" with newspaper editors), Engle *has* somehow managed to make Iowa City into something of an Athens. Attracting promising young writers from all over the world, he has made the university into their patron. Recently he sent out a press release listing eleven students (their names read like a representative platoon of the U.N.) receiving fellowship checks donated by fifteen Iowa manufacturing companies.

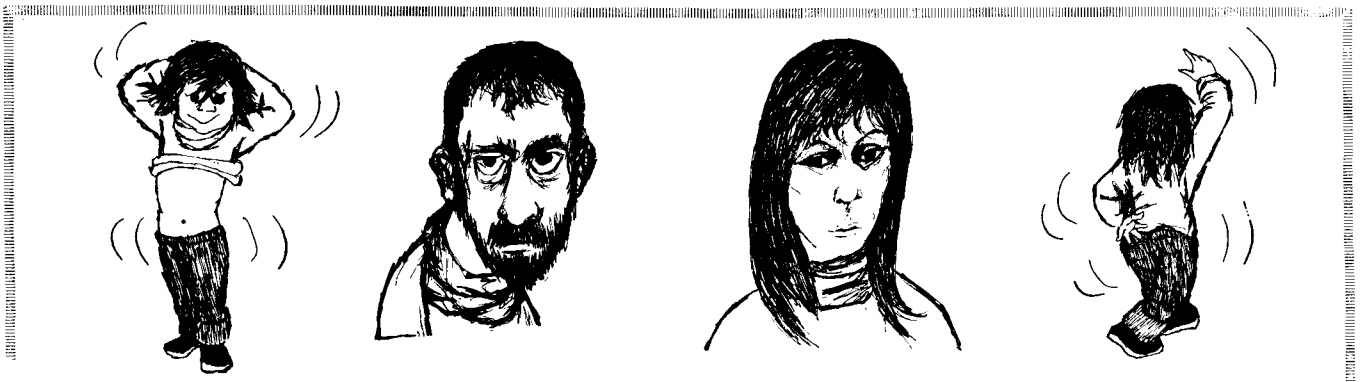
It is quite a remarkable place to visit: Once a week or so some forty-five student-writers will crowd into a quonset classroom discuss—intently and helpfully—fellow students' work, which one may read soon after in a literary quarterly. In the city taverns, over 3.2 beer (the Spartan side of Iowa), or at parties (there is little else to do in Iowa City), the arguments continue, mostly always literary, often very technical. It is perhaps the only non-Bohemian literary community in America.

In his introduction Paul Engle thanks some fifty people who contributed money for this anthology, thanks them and the Iowa taxpayer and even, at the end, the American people as a whole. The style, as perhaps befits the poet-PR man, is alternately lyrical and facetious. Engle cites statistics: One-third of the whole American section in the anthology "New Poets of England and America" had been at Iowa; five out of six of the Scribner's annual "Poets of Today" series; five out of ten in the new *Esquire* fiction anthology; and recent winners of the Lamont Poetry Award, the Pulitzer Prize, and the Yale Younger Poets. These statistics are interesting and convincing, but missing in the introduction is any description of the methods used at Iowa to develop this talent, and of what it means in any sociological way to have such an accumulation of talent in such a muddy city.

Missing, too, is any account of the circumstances under which the selections were written: there is just an extended list of copyright credits and some biographical notes, most of which don't even tell when the writer was at Iowa. Nor is there any explanation of choice: one gathers that only students are represented, not teachers. The workshop has had a distinguished procession of instructors—Robert Penn Warren, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Robert Lowell, and about thirty others—and currently teaching there are George P. Elliott, Vance Bourjaily, and Philip Roth (a better staff for fiction could hardly be imagined), but none of these are included. The subtitle announces "Twenty-five Years of Fiction and Poetry Selected from the Writing Workshops of the State University of Iowa," but most of the selections first appeared in the late 1950s and after. No attempt has been made to develop any sense of chronology; the arrangements are always carefully alphabetical.

However, the book itself makes good reading. It has 416 pages of fiction (twenty-four short stories) and 162 pages of poetry (113 poems by sixty-one authors). Almost all of the material has been published before, and some readers who follow fiction closely will remember the stories from their original appearance in magazines like *The New Yorker* (where a great deal of both the fiction and poetry appeared), *Esquire, Mademoiselle, Harper's*, from such little magazines as *The Sewanee Review, Epoch, Furioso*, or from their reappearance in "The O. Henry Prize Stories," Martha Foley's "Best American Short Stories," or in other anthologies or individual books.

Some of them, like Flannery O'Con-



SCENE: Like, there were these Greenwich Village cats—a way-out poet and a sculptress chick—and their cool d "**Suzuki Beane**" (Doubleday, $2.50), who, among other things, breaks up a Squaresville dancing how it's done south of 14th St. Story by Sandra Scoppettone, drawings by Louise Fitzhugh.

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nor's "The Artificial Nigger," Jean Stafford's "In the Zoo" (from *The New Yorker),* Wallace Stegner's "The Blue-Winged Teal" (from *Harper's),* or R.V. Cassill's "The Prize" (from *Perspectives),* are very familiar. Others, like William Berg's enchanting "That Lovely Green Boat" (from *Furioso),* Herbert Wilner's powerful "The Passion for Silver's Arm" (from *Sewanee Review*), and Hollis Summer's amusing "The Prayer Meeting" (also from *Sewanee*), will be less well known. There are, in addition, stories by George Bluestone, James Buechler, James B. Hall, Calvin Kentfield, Robie Macauley, Willard Marsh, Warren Miller, Richard G. Stern, Thomas Williams, and other writers known mainly, I'm afraid, to the readers of the little magazines. All of the stories struck me as good (with the possible exception of an interminable *New Yorker* one by Kim Young Ik told in a style I haven't seen since the English language and I struggled with a young Korean student I had for remedial English at Carleton College in 1949).

The selections show no central influence, are neither "workshoppy" nor regional, although there are fewer distinctly urban stories than one would find in the average anthology. They disprove once again the cliché that all workshop stories tend to sound alike.

THE poetry section of the book displays the same variety and excellence. Donald Justice has been teaching at Iowa for the last several years, and he is represented with five poems from "The Summer Anniversaries," which won the Lamont Poetry Award in 1959. Part of Engle's famous "For the Iowa Dead" is included. There is a five-quatrain poem by Tennessee Williams that is either a children's poem or something uncircumspectly different. There are as well selections from the poetry of, among others, Robert Mezey (the Lamont Poetry Award, 1960), W. D. Snodgrass (Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, 1960), William Dickey (Yale Series of Younger Poets, 1959), Harry Duncan, Joseph Langland, Theodore Holmes, Donald Finkel (all four, Scribner New Poets), Kimon Friar, Henri Coulette, Bruce Cutler, William Stafford, Philip Levine—in all, a roster of the promising American poets. By and large, the poetry seems less complicated and obscure than most contemporary verse.

So many colleges have been having doubts about their mushrooming courses in writing that the question keeps coming up: "Can creative writing be taught at all?" One easy answer to that slippery question is: "Yes, of course it can. They've been doing it at Iowa for twenty-five years."

Murder and Other Mischief

"Winter's Tales 6," edited by A. D. Maclean *(St. Martin's Press. 322 pp. $4.75), brings from England ten stories whose themes range from diabolical crime to the vagaries of the Irish. Aileen Pippett frequently comments on current fiction for SR.*

By Aileen Pippett

THE INVITATION in this book's title to come inside and be entertained is one that can be confidently accepted, for the ten authors contributing to this sixth annual miscellany from England make good company. Their stories vary in content, style, and scene, but all show a high degree of virtuosity. Some items offer amusement, others have disturbing overtones, still others combine both ingredients.

Gilbert Fielding's "Figs in Spring," for example, is typically ruthless and wry. An idly amorous art teacher takes a cheap vacation in Portugal with one of his students, but his conceit is punctured because he cannot cope with her more generous and exciting admirers. She leaves him flat and leaves us laughing, but the exposure of their dingily raffish world is devastating.

Another example of subtlety is "Dark Glasses," which is vintage Muriel Spark. A chance meeting, a casual conversation between a psychiatrist and a bored listener amusedly recalling slight incidents and vague suspicions of lurid crime in her girlhood home town, and suddenly out comes the horrendous truth. The final twist to this Gothic spiral of incest, murder, and madness lies in the identity of the one who screams the confession. A masterly story, it shows the author's strong sense of immanent evil and her light touch with the hellish imps she sets dancing.

Liam O'Flaherty's "The Post Office" is an interlude of pure comedy. Only an Irishman who knows his countrymen inside out could be so fluidly funny about tourists in a village on old-age-pension day trying to send a telegram in Spanish to a California friend. Another Irishman, James Plunkett, draws on his intimate knowledge in "The Plain People." In this case they are Dublin dock workers, stubborn, voluble, and confused, loyal to one guiding principle—that the boss, whoever he may be, is wrong. They howl down the branch secretary who tries to halt a nonofficial strike, but when port authorities and union headquarters make him the scapegoat they unhesitatingly reverse positions and rally to his support. This is realistic and ribald, and basically true.

"A Bad Streak," by Brian Glanville, is a haunting story about the equivocal nature of a native boy and his relationship with English visitors to the Azores; while "The Perfume Sea," by Margaret Laurence, has an even more exotic background and subtle appeal in a tale about an odd hairdresser and his odder assistant in an African colony before and after independence. A Polish refugee using his tattered gentility as a screen for dope peddling is the forlorn hero of Frank Tuohy's "A Survivor in Salvador"; and a shameless but fascinating impostor works havoc in an English boys' boarding school in Desmond Stewart's "The Baronet." Jean Rhys shows us desperation, malice, courage, and kindness in a Versailles nursing home in her sharply observed "Outside the Machine."

The common factor in these stories, whether grave or gay, is their honesty and firmness in handling the given situations. Biographical notes about the authors provide useful pointers to their other writings, and information about their birthplaces, education, and activities adds the last touch of piquancy and interest to a fascinating volume.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 936

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 936 will be found in the next issue.

JAJBIGULPS LP GUJ XYBRT HQI CJ JPTMBJT JDKJZG KYPGLPMQR ZBYEZJBLGI.

SYJGUJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 935

To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive.

—R. L. STEVENSON.

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Melancholy Medley

"The Games of Night," by Stig Dagerman, *translated by Naomi Walford (Lippincott. 190 pp. $3.50; Keystone. Paperback. $1.65), reflects the painful inner experience of its author. Joan Bostwick is a free-lance writer and poet.*

By Joan Bostwick

ABOVE the dissonances of his inharmonious, jangled existence, Stig Dagerman, before his suicide in 1954 at the age of thirty-one, managed to be heard as the literary voice of the Swedish postwar generation. When he was twenty-six years old, he had already published four novels, four plays, a travel documentary, and a short story collection. One feels that Dagerman was born old. His life was a gloomy, gray mosaic of chaos: he was illegitimate, he was raised by desperately poor grandparents, and, in the end, he was driven by fear, doubt, and writer's paralysis into final disintegration.

Out of the turmoil of this life emerged writing that was poetic, primitive, and intricate, for Dagerman did not seek to reproduce reality, but to contemplate and project inner experience. One result of that contemplation is "Games of Night," a collection of ten short stories and an autobiographical piece.

Despair, melancholy, and frustration are interwoven throughout the stories with the deft hand of a man who has been there. Dagerman, himself, seems to move in and out of the scenes in one disguise or another, depicting his intense, struggling image. "A Child's Memoirs," offering a medley of experiences from his own harsh environment, carries the reader into the reaction patterns of various children in four other stories.

The title story deals with a child who plays "pretend" games at night, instead of crying, while waiting for a father who inevitably comes home drunk. In his games he is invisible and can fly anywhere to lead his father home. And in the make-believe version his father always wants to come home. Real life holds no such assurance.

Dagerman's genius for the tenderly poignant is best expressed in "The Surprise," a study in pathos of a child's response when a birthday gift offered by him and his widowed mother is rejected by his grandfather.

Adults who parade through five of the remaining stories display various degrees of resignation to their sorrows, weaknesses, and failures. The longest of these, "Where's My Iceland Jersey?," employs touches of humor to portray the static, immutable hopelessness of a chronic drinker, unable to control himself even at the funerals of his mother and father.

The final offering, "One Thousand Years with the Lord," exhibits Dagerman's devotion to Strindberg and Kafka. Unless we are to challenge the validity of the art form, we must accept the story as a prime example of German Expressionistic writing, presenting, as it does, time, place, and action in the distorted arrangement of a dream. Newton, as the main character, is visited by God on the day of his death and the law of gravity is suspended. The Expressionists' view of the polaric nature of things, with reality found somewhere between the anti-poles, is demonstrated by religion versus science, with human values (in the form of nameless figures enacting man's base nature) in the center. The possibilities of the meaning of the two central characters are legion, but, without a dictionary of Dagerman's soul, it is almost impossible for critical analysis to render these esthetic ideas completely intelligible.

In the epitaph he wrote for himself —"Here lies a fallen Swedish author. Forget him often"—he implied that he hoped to be remembered frequently. His sensitive, painfully unique work assures a positive response to his plea.

GOOD GUYS AND BAD: Jerome Weidman writes three kinds of short stories: little sharp ones that are sometimes good, nostalgic ones that are often corny, and long flabby ones that are nearly always very bad. The trouble with "**My Father Sits in the Dark and Other Selected Stories**" (Random House, $5.95) is that the good ones are badly outnumbered.

"The Tuxedos" is only six pages long, yet it manages to suggest immensities of struggle and heartbreak. In "An Easy One" and "The Explorers," both of which seem to rise artlessly out of overheard conversations among strangers, his way of building a true dramatic tension with the simplest of materials is skilful and impressive.

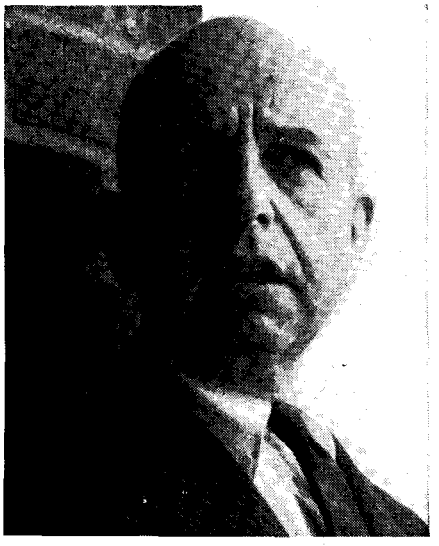
But time and again the author shows that he is less concerned with bringing his characters to life than with making them "sympathetic" or "unsympathetic" according to the same standard prevailing in the television business—a standard that is really only a knack for pandering to the lowest common denominator of public approval. Thus we are given an endless, shopworn assortment of nice guys and heels, nice girls and tramps, gentle Jews and cold-eyed anti-Semites, brave army officers and cynical Pentagon manipulators—all made to act out their pre-packaged passions in a false world where no amount of painstaking "description" and "dialogue" can ever atone for the missing sense of life.

Even when fiction is intended only as entertainment, its readers have a right to expect that it will conjure living scenes before their eyes; yet all too often, throughout this book, the only picture to emerge is that of the author himself at his typewriter, every inch the old pro of the magazine game as he punches out one plain, graceless declarative sentence after another in the conviction that he is spinning what his many steady customers will assure him is a darn good yarn.

In his introduction Mr. Weidman quotes the late Wolcott Gibbs as having remarked, "There is abroad in the land a lamentable tendency to confuse failure with quality. The notion that because nobody will buy it, it must be great, is . . . foolish."

Fair enough. But surely there is another kind of foolishness, more lamentable and far more damaging to the profession of literature: the notion that because everybody will buy it, it must be something other than merchandise.

—RICHARD YATES.



Jerome Weidman—"every inch the old pro."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Green Mountain Moralist

"Senator from Vermont," by Ralph E. Flanders *(Little, Brown. 312 pp. $5), illuminates how the New England Puritan tradition brought the eventual downfall of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. Professor Margaret L. Coit of Fairleigh Dickinson University is the author of "Mr. Baruch" and the Pulitzer Prize biography "John C. Calhoun: American Portrait."*

By Margaret L. Coit

THIS is a curious book. Superficially, it would seem to be little more than the chatty reminiscences of a crusty old gentleman for the edification of his grandchildren, or a rather overdetailed history of the machine-tool industry in America. Ralph Flanders of Vermont served but two terms in the Senate of the United States. A mechanical engineer by profession, his only other public service was as a representative of small business on the Business Advisory Council during the New Deal. Yet it was Ralph Flanders, a Republican and a conservative, to whom Senator Robert Taft was the epitome of liberalism, who dared break the magic ring in which the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy held fascinated both his own party and much of the English-speaking world.

On June 11, 1954, Ralph Flanders introduced the famed Senate Resolution 261, calling for the censure of McCarthy. Why was this? Why was Flanders "the unexpected Senator," and not the avowed liberals or others of his fellow Republicans? This book offers at least some of the answers.

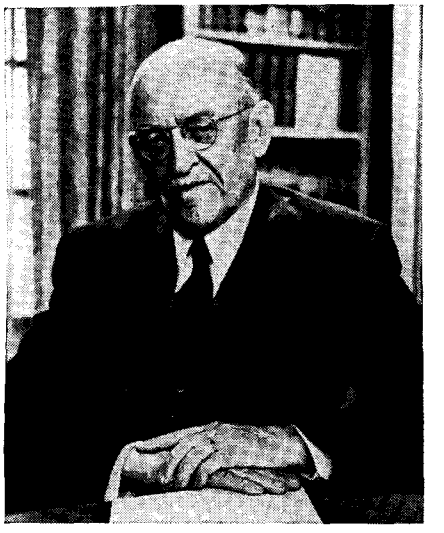
Ralph Flanders was born in Barnet, Vermont, in 1880, four years after the birth of Calvin Coolidge. One of Coolidge's biographers has written that Plymouth in the 1870s and 1880s was still caught in the backwash of the eighteenth century. Barnet was much the same, still raising its own grain and most of its own food, still with its little home industries and subsistence farms. Flanders can remember his grandmother at the spinning wheel, his great-aunt at the loom. He grew up with "an uncompromising belief in the moral law," and with the conviction that the burden of the moral law was responsibility. His mission in life, in youth and as Senator, was avowedly to "advance the coming of God's kingdom on earth." Both world Communism and Joseph McCarthy, he came to believe, stood in the way of this divine plan.

Three times in his life, Flanders records, he has done "what no one else was willing to do." The first time was when as a boy machine-shop apprentice he dared petition for half-holidays on Saturday. The second time was in 1934, when he decided that "for the sake of the country" he must publicly challenge President Franklin Roosevelt's idea that the NRA must be made permanent. Finally, on a trip to Australia and New Zealand, the ever-repeated questions at the airports convinced Senator Flanders that to "the outside world McCarthy was the United States and the United States was McCarthy. The conviction grew that something had to be done about this, even if I had to do it myself."

Like a great Puritan Senator of the past, Calhoun, who saw life primarily as "a struggle against evil," Ralph Flanders looks to the coming of Armageddon, and sees the present struggle between freedom and Communism as but one more battle in "the age long warfare between God and the Devil for the souls of men."

The irony here is that both McCarthy and Flanders saw the same danger in much the same way. Flanders agreed with the extreme right wing of his party that the State Department was infiltrated with Communists, that it had sold out China and sabotaged the efforts of Congress to save Chiang, and that the whole purpose of General Marshall's mission to China was "to bring Nationalists and Communists together." So far as McCarthy personally was concerned, Flanders found "much to praise and much to deplore." A national house-cleaning was in order. McCarthy had found "dirt under the rug." The Communist conspiracy was real. But what was McCarthy doing? "[He] dons his war paint. He goes into his war dance. . . . He goes forth to battle and proudly returns with the scalp of a pink Army dentist. We may assume that this presents the depth and seriousness of Communist penetration in this country at this time."

Had McCarthy been in the pay of the Communists (who had supported him earlier), Flanders believes, he could scarcely have done them better service. It was because McCarthy was hampering, not aiding the anti-Communist forces that the Vermont Senator struck out against him. McCarthy's "magnified place in the public eye" blinded that eye to the "alarming world-wide advance of Communist power." Soon, Flanders declared, in words prophetic for 1954, the Iron Curtain would be drawn about us from without, the rest of the Free World captured by infiltration and subversion and our citizens "left with no place to trade and no place to go except as we are permitted . . . by the Communist masters of the world."



Ralph E. Flanders: "The strength of my position lay in being unreasonable."

FLANDERS'S lonely stand brought him a two-line letter from the White House and cheers from passing taxicabs —little else. Until the fight was won most of his fellow Senators virtually ignored him. A leading Cabinet officer urged him to call the whole thing off and be reasonable. Flanders had to convince him that "the strength of my position lay in being unreasonable." This has long been the strength of men of his breed. The moral law brooks no compromise.

With Flanders, as with other leaders out of the vanishing New England Puritan tradition, labeling is almost impossible. While defending the "solid negative value" of conservatism, he declares that "conservative and liberal are both honorable terms," and that "the very well-being of the American people" depends on the maintenance of both. He has been both, as his concept of the divine law necessitated. He may not have been a great Senator, but the Senate of the United States was a better place for his having served in it.

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Prescription for Despair

"African Encounter: A Doctor in Nigeria," by Robert Collis *(Scribners. 211 pp. $4.50), tells of a courageous people's ill-equipped struggle to live in a hostile environment. Peter Ritner, who edited Saturday Review's special issue about Africa, July 18, 1958, is the author of "The Death of Africa," published by Macmillan last year.*

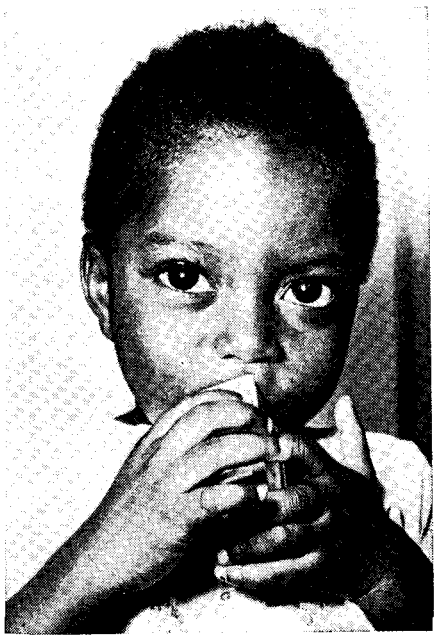
By Peter Ritner

IT IS impossible to overpraise this little book. Not that there is anything pretentious about it. The author, Robert Collis, an Irish physician who a few years ago accepted an offer to take charge of the pediatrics clinic at the New Hospital in Ibadan, Western Nigeria, has achieved only what he set out to achieve, a simple memoir of his work and travels in that enormous country. But in doing this much Dr. Collis has managed to accomplish something at which more ambitious and self-conscious studies or analyses usually fail miserably: the production of genuine insights, by the dozen, into the nature of Africa and the African, insights moreover that lead toward a practical way of world brotherhood. In fact, if you read this book, and ponder over it, you will know as much about Nigeria as you will ever need to know—unless of course you are a Nigerian yourself.

The book differs from the commonplace "Burma Surgeon" narrative in several remarkable respects. To begin with, I have never read anything that so dramatically reproduces the actual "feel" of West Africa—and especially Nigeria. Because he is a candid man, Dr. Collis gives us as a starter the impression that sears the mind of everyone landing in Africa for the first time: sheer horror—horror at the incredible shack-slums of the swamp-city of Lagos; the pullulating multitudes; the heat; the flies; the diseases; finally, horror when faced with an interminable queue of children lining up at the clinic door, a good many of them on the edge of death.

But in a few days the doctor's mind has settled down to some sort of terms with the cruelty of Africa—up to this era the unchallenged, presiding deity of that continent. Dr. Collis realizes how much he is coming to admire the men and women who display so much valor in their ceaseless struggle against overwhelming environmental handicaps. In a word, he begins to see Africans as individuals. And very soon his dismay is replaced by a host of other impressions. He goes on a holiday trip through the upcountry, showing us the Northern and Eastern Regions with their characteristic peoples; he pays a marvelous, quasi-comic call on the Fon of Bikom and visits other *obas* (chiefs); he dines out with the *haut monde* of the Federal Capital; he describes the friends he meets along the road. Each of these episodes is wonderfully related, and the reader is brought as close to the real scene as words are capable of conveying one.

But beyond this quality of sensual immediacy stands the major virtue of the book. In its way it is a hymn to the gloriousness of the medical profession. First and foremost, Collis is a doctor—and to judge from his story a great doctor. "Kwashiorkor," the child-murdering condition resulting from chronic protein-deficiency; an intestinal evagination that has turned gangrenous; *cancrum oris*, a terrible spot on the cheek that grows until it has eaten its way through the whole face; fever; parasites; bad diet—these and killers like them are the Enemy. Nothing matters less to the physician than the color of a man's skin or the style of his "culture." What does matter, solely, is the willingness of a patient to fight as hard for his own life as the doctor wants to fight on its behalf. And in innumerable terrifying duels over this ground the bravery and gaiety of Nigerian children win the heart of Dr. Collis again and again—as the fortitude and zest of the African will win the heart of anyone who gives him half a chance.



—*From the book.*

". . . an interminable queue of children lining up at the clinic door."

But here we must pause to point up the lesson implied in the physician's philosophy, a lesson for those of us who are concerned about the growing "gap" between the world's "advanced" and "underdeveloped" countries—and the ability of a rich Republic to bridge that gap. Near the end of his book Dr. Collis touches matter-of-factly on this subject. He explains, for example, how dangerous it is that West African countries, predominantly rural, have yet become food importers as a consequence of the insidious usurpation of the "cash-cropping" that provides these states with their slender foreign exchanges. Dr. Collis passes on to us the query of an agronomist friend whom he consulted about this: Why not institute a program to teach Nigerian farmers how to grow food-crops interspersed among the cash-crops?

WHY not indeed? No nonsense about "ethnicity" or the "sanctity of traditional folkways." When a population is sick build a hospital. When an agricultural system falls into disrepair institute a program of rehabilitation. Above all, use your brain and your skills! That is the common-sense doctrine of Dr. Collis, and that it seems a modest or unsophisticated doctrine should not conceal from us the fact that it is the only rational approach. If we Americans truly wish to succeed in any of our initiatives in treating the morbid pauperism of the underdeveloped world, from the brilliant stroke of President Kennedy's Peace Corps on up, we must learn to put aside our precious and patronizing anxieties about whether we are "wanted," or whether we have the "right" to feed hungry peoples. All sick men want to get well; all hungry men want to learn how to get more food; Africans are not so different from Americans that they like to be starving and diseased.

As Dr. Collis reminds us: "Nowhere has man had to fight so hard to live as in the great rainforests of the tropics, and nowhere more than in those along the West Coast of Africa. Only when the black races have been freed from disease and given enough food will their potentialities become apparent. History will then be the judge."

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The Constant Consort

"Adrienne: The Life of the Marquise de La Fayette," by André Maurois, *translated by Gerard Hopkins (McGraw-Hill. 470 pp. $7.95), uses newly available materials to portray a devoted, strong-minded helpmeet. Catharine Hughes's play "Madame Lafayette" was produced off-Broadway last year.*

By Catharine Hughes

LONG before "the woman behind the man" became a popular cliché, Adrienne de La Fayette was moving about the court and salons, the prisons and the countryside of Europe, often the motivating force behind the Hero of Two Worlds, at least equally often the source of consternation and disbelief to his enemies. Drawing upon many previously unavailable letters and documents from the La Fayette's château at La Grange, placed at his disposal by Adrienne's descendants, M. Maurois has recaptured a frequently lurid, occasionally heroic, era in French history with all the vividness and authenticity characteristic of his best previous work.

In actuality, his well-documented volume on Madame de La Fayette is a dual biography, covering as it does both the inspirational and practical role of this devoted woman and the glorious —and inglorious—adventures of her husband. M. Maurois, in depicting La Fayette as "the eternal undergraduate," goes to neither the extremes of the Lytton Strachey school nor those of the American history textbooks. Rather, he views him as a well-meaning idealist, willing to go to almost any honorable extent for what he believed in, yet usually unable to reconcile his democratic ideal with the political realities of the age. In all this, whether he is following her as the youthful bride of a general gone off to wage the war for American liberty, as the admirable wife standing beside her husband when his popularity began to wane in his own country, or in the prison cells she suffered so willingly for his sake during the Terror, M. Maurois presents Adrienne as a woman "deserving of a place among the greatest and most appealing characters of history."

Never does he succeed in this to a greater degree than at that point when —released at last from the prisons of France, where she has seen her grandmother, mother, and sister fall beneath the executioner Sanson's blade—Adrienne seeks to join La Fayette in the squalid Austrian cell in which he has been interned. Her own freedom matters not at all to this woman who could write that she was "a great deal happier with Monsieur de La Fayette, even in this place, than we could be anywhere else without him."

Throughout their many months together in the prison of Olmütz, Adrienne de La Fayette worked indefatigably for their release. Letters to influential people flowed in a steady, if concealed, stream from their cell. When with Napoleon's ascendancy and recognition of the practical politics of Parisian hero worship, La Fayette and his family were released and returned to France, Adrienne's work on his behalf was, in one sense, just beginning. There was the family property to be recovered; the necessity of having many names removed from the list of *émigrés*, and, not least, a husband who typified La Bruyère's question: "What, at times, can one do with a good man?"

All of this, and much more, M. Maurois admirably conveys in the story of a woman at once compassionate and, when necessary, unyielding; one who, after a death brought about prematurely by the privations of Olmütz, could be described by the *Journal de l'Empire* as "the joy of her family, the protection of the poor, the consolation of the afflicted, the ornament of her country and the honor of her sex."

SIGNIFICANT FIGURE RESCUED: Much of the early nineteenth-century history of religion and higher education in New York City involves John McVickar, professor of revealed religion, moral philosophy, belles-lettres, and political economy at Columbia College.

The son of a prosperous Scotch-Irish linen merchant, McVickar received thorough academic training from private tutors before entering Columbia at the age of thirteen, and graduating with distinction four years later. He then prepared for the ministry and was ordained a Protestant Episcopal priest by Bishop John Henry Hobart. While rector of the Hyde Park parish, McVickar married the daughter of Dr. Samuel Bard, the physician responsible for starting medical schools and hospitals in New York. Dr. Bard's influence brought his son-in-law the chair of moral philosophy and English literature at Columbia College in 1817.

Columbia was a declining institution when the new professor began his teaching duties. His initiative and ability during the next half-century greatly influenced the college in developing preparatory schools, graduate instruction, a strong faculty, and a broad undergraduate curriculum.

Although McVickar subscribed to high Anglican church principles, his liberal outlook led him to believe that religion should be broad enough to encompass every phase of every man's life. Thus instead of preaching regularly from leading Episcopal pulpits in New York City, he devoted much time and effort to bringing formal religion to the army garrison on Governor's Island. Out of this work grew the army chaplain corps.

So well respected were the professor's studies in political economy that

many leading figures at home and abroad solicited his opinions.

John Brett Langstaff was well equipped to write the educator's long and complex biography, **"The Enterprising Life: John McVickar, 1787-1868"** (St. Martin's Press, $10). The author is a retired Episcopal priest, a historian, the author of the biography of McVickar's father-in-law Dr. Samuel Bard, and by marriage a member of the McVickar family. He was thus able to use most of his subject's papers, a privilege never before granted by the family.

If there is any significant criticism of this valuable book, it is in the selection and organization of the materials. For example, 149 pages out of a total text of 398 pages are devoted to McVickar's tour of Europe in 1830. While this detailed discussion of European culture and of its impact on an educated American is interesting social history, it is too lengthy for this biography. On the other hand, inclusion of more background and explanatory material would have strengthened the study.

However, a smooth writing style carries the reader easily and quickly through potentially dull subjects. And an objective interpretation of motives, based on the primary sources, makes John McVickar understandable as a person. Best of all, the author has captured, and imparted to the reader, the spirit of the man, the things that made him what he was.

—EUGENE F. KRAMER.

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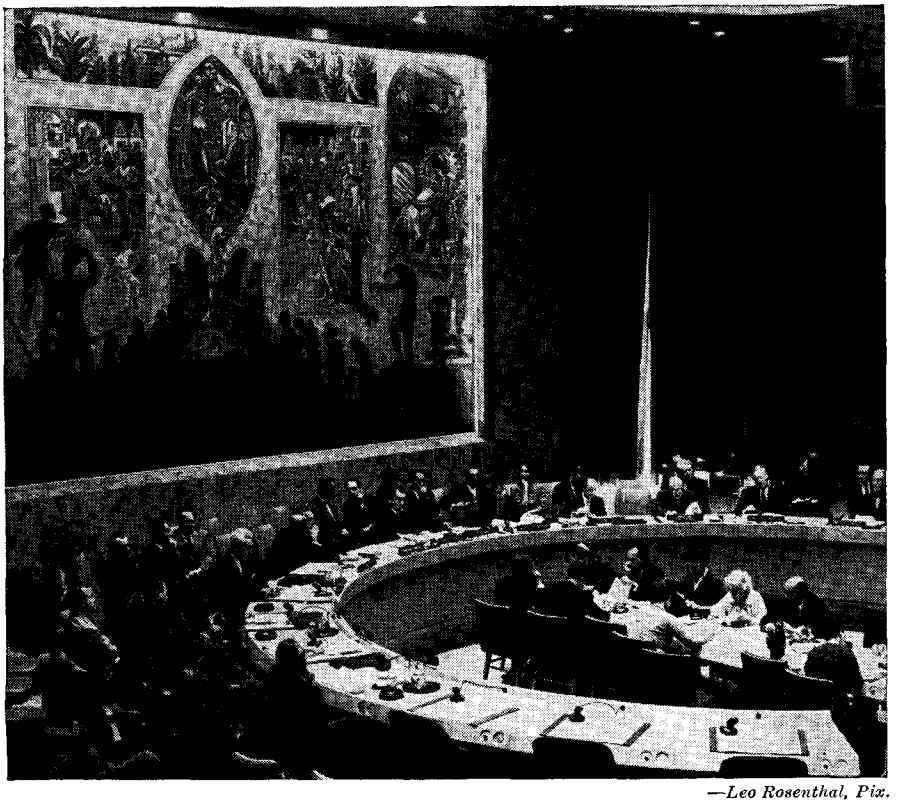
Room with a Western View

"The United Nations and U.S. Foreign Policy," by Lincoln P. Bloomfield *(Little, Brown. 276 pp. $4.75), assesses the U.N.'s potential as an instrument for persuasively presenting Western ideals to the uncommitted nations. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

THE TASK undertaken by the author of this volume "is to evaluate the uses of the United Nations over the next few years from the standpoint of American national interests." But such an evaluation, if it is to prove a sound guide to conduct, must be based upon a dependable "identification of national goals, purposes, and objectives." On this account, in an early chapter Dr. Bloomfield attempts to furnish the broad outlines of such an identification. His analysis proceeds on the basis of the underlying assumption that our over-all objective is "to secure the right kind of world environment in which our nation—and, by definition, other nations—can cultivate their societies without excessive insecurity and external threats of disruption."

It is obvious, of course, that this objective will not be attained merely as a result of the policies pursued, however imaginatively, through the medium of the United Nations. There is a wide area in which we must move either unilaterally or in association with our principal allies. Defense, with whatever degree of security this may provide in the modern world, is a case in point. But while we strive to establish in the military field the sort of equilibrium that may afford time for the resolution of acute political differences, there will be frequent opportunities open to us to narrow these differences or to advance our purposes through well-conceived initiatives in the U.N. Much of this illuminating volume is devoted to the nature of such opportunities and the manner in which we may best avail ourselves of them.



—Leo Rosenthal, Pix.

The U.N. Security Council—"two profoundly different schools of thought."

Dr. Bloomfield does not minimize the difficulties lying ahead. The United Nations furnishes an arena in which the raging conflict of a bi-polarized world is at times dramatically revealed for the confusion or the enlightenment of a far-flung audience. But it is not the manifestation of this conflict in the U. N., but rather its seeming intractability that lies at the core of the problem.

The United States is caught in a struggle between "two profoundly different schools of thought as to how mankind should govern its affairs in the future."

The Western versionn, for which we shall continue by all proper means to contend, is deeply embedded in the preamble of the United Nations Charter. Accordingly, "any programs developed in the spirit of the United Nations and leading to a world order that reflects Western political, economic, social, spiritual or cultural values" can hardly fail to be viewed by "Communists as a threat to their version of the future."

But no such threat when it arises can be sanely parried by recourse to the suicidal adventure of thermonuclear war. On this account, it seems likely that we shall be engaged for the indefinite future in what has so often been described as a struggle for the minds of men. In this event the outcome may well be determined by the extent to which through word and deed we carry conviction to the governments and peoples of the uncommitted nations that our aims are far more responsive to their long-range interests and desires than the spurious doctrines of an encroaching despotism.

The volume under review is punctuated with wise recommendations suggesting how this desired result may best be achieved. Our diplomacy, our programs of economic aid, and last but not least our propaganda must be far more skilful, far more flexible than they have always been in the past. The Aesopian language of our adversary has spread illusions which we should contrive to dispel.

For reasons of expediency, we have at times been led to associate ourselves with Communist doubletalk. A notable example of this was our vote in support of the United Nations Resolution on the Congo, which, among other things, paid its respect to "the imperative necessity of the restoration of parliamentary institutions in the Congo in accordance with the fundamental law of the country, so that the will of the people should be reflected through the freely elected Parliament. . . ." To join in such absurd flights from reality can only confuse those who may be inclined to turn to us for guidance. In contrast, it is refreshing to note the objective quality of Dr. Bloomfield's analysis.

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The Criminal Recruits

"Delinquency and Opportunity: A Theory of Delinquent Gangs," by Richard A. Cloward and Lloyd E. Ohlin *(Free Press. 211 pp. $4), probes causes and possible cures of a problem that has reached world-wide proportions. Maxwell T. Cohen, a New York attorney, has lectured and written on narcotics addiction.*

By Maxwell T. Cohen

ON APRIL 25, 1961, the Social Commission of the United Nations unanimously adopted the proposal that governments be asked to consider the conclusions and recommendations of the Second United Nations Congress on the Prevention of Crime and the Treatment of Offenders—including those on juvenile delinquency—held in London last August.

The resolution, which stressed the "particular importance of the problem of juvenile delinquency . . . in all countries," would have the Council endorse the conclusions and recommendations of the Congress with regard to "new forms of juvenile delinquency and special police service for the prevention of juvenile delinquency."

The United Nations Congress in London found that juvenile delinquency is appearing in many countries in "new forms" and urged that a study of this problem should be included in the United Nations program.

Obviously, the problem now is a matter of serious international concern. A forthright book with a new point of view, in fact a controversial point of view, is most opportune at this time.

However, even the best formulated and most thoughtful book on the subject of juvenile delinquency must suffer because there is a scarcity of verified statistical knowledge in the field. The protective court procedures, not uniform in the United States, and the fact that there is no central clearing official agency with the firm authority to obtain and to evaluate statistics from all of our states, do not make the function of the worker, teacher, or student in the areas of juvenile delinquency a task helped by clear indications of direction or trends.

Therefore, in the absence of a verified statistical knowledge, hypotheses are developed in the fields of juvenile delinquency that cannot be substantiated with thoroughness, evaluated realistically, and tested practically.

Richard A. Cloward and Lloyd E. Ohlin contend that the recruit to any of the "criminal," "conflict," and "retreatist" delinquent gangs manifests by this attempted or actual affiliation his resentment of his economic deprivations and his belief that the economic deprivations, seemingly and inherently unfair and unjust, will continue as long as he remains law-abiding.

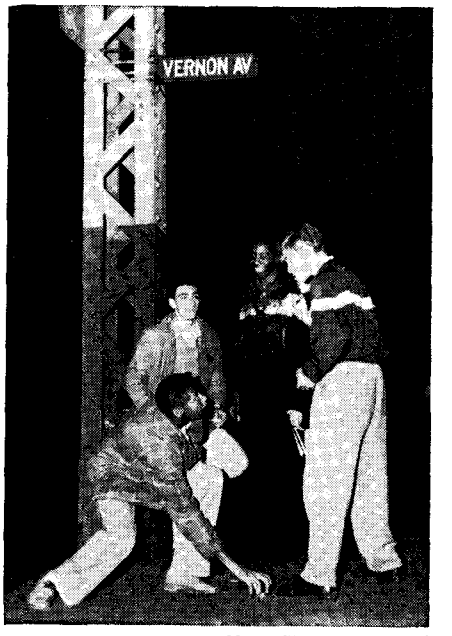
It is the authors' conclusion that ". . . delinquency is not, in the final analysis, a property of individuals or even of subcultures; it is a property of the social systems in which these individuals and groups are enmeshed. The pressures that produce delinquency originate in these structures, as do the forces that shape the content of specialized subcultural adaptations."

This concept, based on economic stress and tension, varies somewhat from Albert K. Cohen's theory in "Delinquent Boys: The Culture of the Gang" (The Free Press, 1955). Dr. Cohen considers the major motivating frustration to be lack of status though not necessarily of economic coloring. He regards the delinquent gang as an alternative means of attaining for the recruit a significant and temporarily satisfying status.

Possibly a new point of view rising out of the conciliation of Cloward's and Ohlin's theories and Cohen's theories and the theories of their predecessors may be the painfully obvious fact that the gang subculture is, in microscopic or reduced form, the symptom of the pathology of the adult's world of social-economic illness and inhibited drive towards status.

Delete or substitute our italicized words from the authors' description of the delinquent's behavior within the gang and the motivations for such behavior, and there will be shown a clinical picture of today's "success story"—unfortunately applicable both to the adult and to the juvenile.

> One of the best ways of assuring success in the *criminal* world is to cultivate appropriate "connections." As a youngster, this means running with a clique composed of other "right guys" and promoting an apprenticeship or some other favored relationship with older and successful *offenders*. . . . Furthermore, these intermediaries encourage and protect the young *delinquent* . . . by giving him a jaundiced perspective on the private morality of many functionaries in conventional society. As he matures, the young *delinquent* becomes acquainted with a new world made up of predatory bondsmen, shady lawyers, crooked policemen, grafting politicians, dishonest businessmen, and corrupt jailers. Through "connections" with occupants of these half-legitimate, half-illegitimate roles and with "big shots" in the *underworld,* the aspiring *criminal* validates and assures his freedom of movement in a world made safe for *crime.*



—N. Y. City Youth Board

Motivation: lack of status.

The authors reject the familiar explanation that the gang member is manifesting his adolescent rebellion, asserting:

> . . . The theory of adolescent protest may help to explain the emergence of "youth culture," but it does not explain the conditions under which *delinquent* subcultures develop.

The target for preventive action is defined by the authors "not as the individual or group that exhibits the delinquent pattern, but as the social setting that gives rise to delinquency."

> It is our view . . . that the major effort of those who wish to eliminate delinquency should be directed to the reorganization of slum communities. . . .

This book is analytic, certainly challenging, logically formulated, and well written. It is a valuable contribution to current studies of the now-international problems of juvenile delinquency and the gang.

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Notes from the Crimea

THE TWO most persistent questions put to me since returning from the Crimea Conference were, first, whether the Americans were able to make any impact on the Russians, and, second, whether the Americans learned anything they did not know before.

Obviously, each of the participants will have to answer for himself. My own response would be affirmative on both counts. First, with respect to impact: Much of it occurred on the personal level. Previously, it had not been possible for individual Soviet citizens to have the kind of intensive, sustained discussions with Americans that took place in the Crimea and at Dartmouth College some months earlier. If prominent Russians were able for the first time to have unobstructed access to Americans in an atmosphere permitting uninhibited exchange of ideas, then the change also made it possible for Americans to get together with Russians on more than a perfunctory level. Most Americans who have been in the Soviet Union—whether in the foreign service or for news-gathering purposes or as tourists—have spoken of the rarity with which they have been invited to private homes, or the rapidity with which even the most promising social contacts tend to flake off. After a while, the lack of genuine rapport produces a sense of being cut off, of pressing one's nose against the window of a remote and inaccessible society.

Last week's *SR* article told of Ambassador George Kennan's remark that not until he came to the Dartmouth campus in Hanover, New Hampshire, was he able to have the kind of full, direct exchange with Russians of intellectual substance he had tried vainly to achieve in a quarter of a century inside the Soviet Union. The benefits of the new access were therefore mutual.

What kind of impact? I tried to observe the Russian participants carefully as they came in close contact with Americans prominently identified with the capitalist economy—men like Gabriel Hauge, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Manufacturer's Trust Company and former economic adviser to President Eisenhower, or Senator William Benton, founder of a large advertising agency and publisher of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, or Shepard Stone, of the Ford Foundation. Or a man like Arthur Larson, author of "A Republican Looks at His Party," former special assistant to President Eisenhower. Or a leading American critic of Soviet philosophy and policy like Philip E. Mosely, of the Council on Foreign Relations. Or Americans with a strong background in foreign affairs like Joseph Johnson, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, or Robert Bowie, of the Center for International Affairs, Harvard University. Or academicians like Erwin Griswold, dean of the Law School of Harvard University, or Lloyd Reynolds, Chairman of the Department of Economics at Yale University, or Professor Louis B. Sohn, co-author of "World Peace through World Law," or Professor George Fischer, of Cornell University, whose knowledge of the Russian language and culture gave him an important advantage in direct communications. Or authors and experts like Margaret Mead and Stuart Chase. Or a world-famous personality like Marian Anderson. Or a religionist like William Loos, of the Church Peace Union.

My guess is that the impact was considerable. For example, at one point in the Crimea conference, the discussion took a philosophical turn. One of the Americans spoke simply and eloquently about the primary place that a good society must accord the creative life of the mind, and of the need to keep the material things from obscuring the importance of good books, music, art. At dinner that night, several of the Russians said privately that they had been moved by this statement of a personal philosophy. Another instance: the entire conference group attended a public folk-music festival one evening. Marian Anderson was recognized and was brought to the platform. She didn't sing. She did something far more important. She spoke. What she said took perhaps no more than a minute. But the largeness of the human spirit reflected in her words and in her person became a dramatic fact of powerful dimension. I looked around and saw a large audience affected emotionally as I had seldom seen an audience affected before.

ON the other side, the Americans were pleasantly startled to hear a Soviet economist make a most persuasive case for the resiliency of the American economy and its ability to withstand dislocating pressures; in particular, the fact that American capitalism was not dependent on military spending. This was a far cry from the traditional Marxist view with its emphasis on the inevitability of depression because of capitalism's inability to produce for peace as it produces for war. Similarly, one of the Soviet scientists made a striking presentation on the possibilities now opening up in science for meeting hitherto unsolved problems.

What was learned of value that was not known before?

Perhaps few new specific facts of overriding importance were developed. But the thinking behind these facts was made clear in a much fuller way than previously seemed apparent. Certainly the Soviet participants were able to observe that the cause of freedom with the Americans was not just an intellectual bauble or a political slogan but a gen-

(*Continued on page* 39)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RIGHT TO REVOLT

KUDOS TO William O. Douglas for "The U. S. and the Revolutionary Spirit" [*SR*, June 10]. The author thinks clearly and expresses himself convincingly on a topic of monumental significance. I like especially his thought that this nation, itself the product of revolution, looks with hostility on other nations elsewhere in the world that are attempting to do today that which we ourselves did only about 185 years ago!

I only wish that this article were required reading for all members of the John Birch Society and other such organizations. But why wish for the impossible? Instead, I'll confine myself to thanking God that there are still men like Justice Douglas who aren't afraid to speak up.

EDWARD TOMASIAN,
Major, USMCR (Ret.)
Capistrano Beach, Calif.

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS'S "The U.S. and the Revolutionary Spirit" overlooks an essential fact: our forefathers had good cause to fight a revolution—remember the Declaration's long list of "repeated injuries and usurpations"?—but we today are comfortable; we enjoy life as it is.

Hence we're conservatives. We don't sponsor revolutions, we stifle them. Or rather, we don't exert ourselves sufficiently to take effective part either way.

Carpe diem. Tomorrow the deluge—but only for our children.

LOUIS R. WARD.
Rapid City, S. D.

JUSTICE DOUGLAS'S ARTICLE reminds us that we are the people who originated the idea of revolution as a right of people against governments that do not serve the people.

Today, unfortunately, our media of communication and most influential sections of our society glorify the status quo around the world and thus support governments of oligarchy and privilege against the aspirations of people who need change. Our blind fear of Communism has made us afraid of revolution, and thus by default we let the tyrannies of today pose as the leaders of a new age.

Whether we can return once again to our revolutionary heritage and fight tyranny over the minds of men and lead, or whether we shall continue to align ourselves with the type of government our founding fathers fought, is a key question in international affairs today. . . .

LEEDS BAUMAN.
Minneapolis, Minn.

THANKS FOR Mr. Justice Douglas's excellent "The U. S. and the Revolutionary Spirit." Our country, most significantly, is founded on principles emphasizing people rather than states or ruling powers; government derives its very existence only from "the consent of the governed."

How incredible, then, that today we persist in a foreign policy almost wholly based on dealing with governments instead of with people!

RICHARD Y. NORRISH.
Normandy, Mo.

"Central Intelligence says not to worry—we can count on the loyalty of the American colonies."

INFORMATION, PLEASE

I SEE FROM COPIES of *SR* that reached me while I was in the Soviet Union that several of your readers have complained about my review of William J. Lederer's book "A Nation of Sheep" [*SR*, Apr. 29]. I am grateful to these critics because they raise —though they alas miss the significance of —a central issue in American foreign policy. The trouble, believe me, is not absence of information or lack of information or misinformation. The trouble is defiance of information and resistance to facts. High officials are frequently motivated in the first place by a consuming anti-Communism that prods them to step in where a sober interpretation of known data would bid them to refrain.

Cuba proves the contention. Anybody with an adequate understanding of the past performances of totalitarianism would have realized that, given the Castro terror, the Cuban people could not rise to meet a poorly planned invasion by passionate exiles who, in the Hispanic tradition that I observed in the Spanish Civil War, went to pieces in the face of a real military obstacle. It is strange that none of the generals or intellectuals around the White House were aware of this. Mr. Lederer puts his sole emphasis on the availability of information. I put my emphasis on the proper use of the mountains of information that pour in on Washington every hour from all corners of the globe.

LOUIS FISCHER.
Vienna, Austria

MORE OR LESS?

THERE IS NOTHING so depressingly exasperating as the puerile, self-centered outpouring of trivia and unmitigated hogwash purveyed by your poetry editor, John Ciardi. It seems that, like some horrible plague, he spreads over more and more of *SR*'s otherwise splendid pages. Please reassure me that we may hope to find less and less of this noxious sophist in the future.

JOHN H. STEINEMANN.
San Diego, Calif.

I HAVE OBSERVED with pleasure the increasing number of articles written by the gifted John Ciardi. Here's hoping we'll see still more of his work in *SR*. . . .

M. L. WARDEN.
Miami, Fla.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Jottings in July

LETTER FROM A CONSTANT READER

In answer to some kind words about a hotel written in this space June 10, 1961

Dear Sir:
I'LL TELL YOU something. You are a loud-mouth nut. You finally found out about the Hay-Adams and you blow it all over the landscape for the love of Kolodin. There is a two-room suite on the ground floor . . . slightly above it, really, which I have spent time in for years. Faye Emerson has used a giant single on the top floor for just as many years. They both face the White House. When you spend time sending folks to Mycenae you are doing a sound American job. When you tout them on to the Hay-Adams you are a cheap Commie fink.* If I've said anything pleasant to or about you in the past I hope you will understand that it *is* the past. Yankee . . . get back to Athens!

—HENRY MORGAN.

* *fink*—finch. *S. Africa*
finch—any of the numerous singing birds constituting the family Fringillidae, which includes the sparrows, grosbeaks, crossbills, goldfinches, linnets, buntings, etc. . . . The finches are of small or moderate size, rather stout build, generally with a short stout conical bill adapted for crushing seeds. They are very beneficial to agriculture, destroying the seeds of weeds. Some, as the canary, are fine singers. Many members of the family are designated by compounds of the word *finch*, as bull*finch*, chaf*finch*, etc.
—*Webster's New International Dictionary.*

TWO FROM THE ROAD: In the June 10 issue we printed some notes from our agent abroad, J.W., advising us that American Express at Herakleion refused to honor his American Express credit card. Marjorie Bigelow writes to say that when she was motoring from the West Coast to Ann Arbor an American Express agent once said, "We never cash these Express checks for strangers." She asks, "Is it the same from Herakleion to Michigan?"

From Del Ray Beach DeLanson J. Young, who describes himself as an Oriole born in 1880 who hoped to be a Floridian in 1961, sends a warning. He and his wife ("also 80 years young"), driving south, wife at the wheel, took the turnpike at Fort Pierce. She stopped on the road "one minute only" when two highway patrolmen, noting the out-of-state license, stopped them and greeted the newcomers with the demand that they put up a $25 bond to appear in court at Stewart, Florida. Both were ill on the date the case came up and were, as well, many miles from court, and into the sunkist coffers went the twenty-five.

Well, Hawaii gives leis; Florida gives tickets.

ONE FROM UNDER THE BORDER: Cesar Balsa, the bantam baron from below the border (see SR, Oct. 8, 1960), writes a sober note about the political situation in Mexico that will be of some fascination to anyone contemplating an excursion in that direction: "Unfortunately, in the past three weeks very unpleasant reports regarding conditions in Mexico have appeared in the U.S. press. While unintentional and without malice, published reports of public events and demonstrations in Mexico have been misinterpreted by the U.S. public and we are exceedingly distressed. In reality the published reports greatly magnified the importance of two minor demonstrations, wherein a very small group of persons participated. Since then, there have been no 'demonstrations' of any type. . . . President Adolfo Lopez Mateos stated positively that his government will not permit or tolerate that any foreign doctrine alter the order of the nation and that the Republic of Mexico will continue as always to respect the democratic liberties. Within the strictest interpretation of the law, the Mexican government will restrict the doctrines and activities which have nothing to do with our life, our customs, or our country. . . . We are neighbors and friends and our hopes for the future are together. . . . Our welcome is warm and sincere. For myself, my associates, and for our 2,852 fellow workers of Nacional Hotelera, I speak from our hearts."

PARIS IN THE SPRING, 1927: It is easy enough to find out all one might want to know about Paris, summer of '61. For those who would like to recall its salad days of the late Twenties, we give you Ned Calmer's "All the Summer Days":

> We could jump aboard a bateau mouche and ride out to St. Germain for a wandering walk under the trees, and have early dinner at a *ginguette* by the water holding hands and watching the Seine shimmer like a Monet. Evening lay blue along the quais when we came back. It was time for strolling along the happiest street we knew. In the Boulevard Clichy a carrousel turned raucous in the midst of a carnival, and we stopped to watch while a pig labelled Ma Concierge made its eternal round. There was a shooting gallery where the grand prize was hitting a bull's eye on a bed in which a real live girl was lying under the covers. If you won, she tumbled out in a scanty nightgown and the crowd applauded you.

JACK B. QUICK: We have just had some correspondence from an executive of Colonial Williamsburg who signs himself George B. Eager. George, please meet Larry O. Bedient of the *Saturday Review* advertising staff.

TRAVELER'S AID: On the New York Thruway, which is presumably well traveled by people who live in New York, the Chevron gas stations will only honor credit cards from Standard Oil of Ohio, Standard Oil of Kentucky, and Phillips Oil, whose headquarters are in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Chevron gasoline is the brand name of Standard Oil of California, now planning to merge with Standard Oil of Kentucky, which sells gasoline under the brand name of Crown. Standard Oil of Ohio, whose stations are labeled Sohio, isn't related to its Kentucky or California namesakes. Neither is Standard Oil of New Jersey, which sells under the name of Esso, nor Socony (Standard Oil of New York), which now goes under the name of Mobil. All you highwaymen got that?

WAUGH AND A PIECE: *Life* magazine for June 9 has a thin and telescoped piece by Alec Waugh, who took a packaged Cook's tour of Europe in company with a squad of fast-paced Americans. Alec, who has written of the Caribbean ("Island in the Sun," "The Sugar Islands"), is the brother of Evelyn, who devastated California's glamorous cemeteries in "The Loved One." California, Cook's, and American travelers can count themselves veterans of foreign Waughs.

THE MUDDLED EAST: Congressman Seymour Halpern's letter to the Secretary of State concerning the exclusion of Americans of the Jewish faith flying on an American flag carrier from landing at an American-built airport in Saudi

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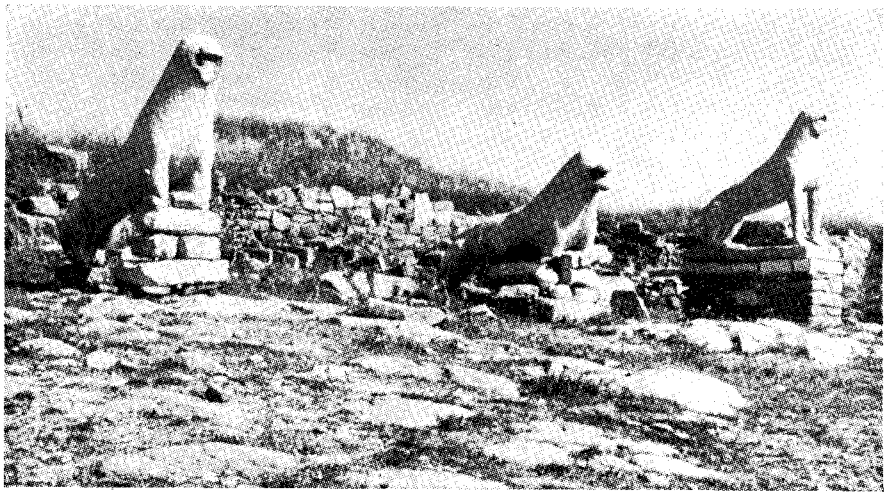
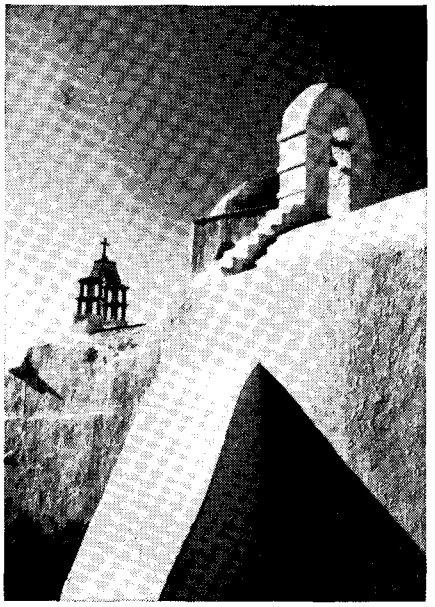
—*Monkmeyer Press Photo*



—*From "The Splendor of Greece"*



—*Monkmeyer Press Photo*

JBK IN GREECE—The First Lady, busy setting the pace in fashion and coiffeur, will almost certainly establish a vogue in vacations. Her first foreign choice in office: the isles of Greece. *Mykonos, seen through the tattered sails* of a windmill (left), is a mass of houses that are whitewashed every week. It is said to have 365 churches (one of them above), a figure which includes the chapels given as thanks by seafaring families whose men rode the seas home to safety. Orange-hulled barks line the harbor, some of them adorned with island-spun fashions, hung there for sale. The Lito is that small hotel perennially sought after and sung of by so many. A caique takes you to St. Stephanos beach, and also to Delos, an uninhabited isle filled with history and relics such as these white stone lions, left by the Naxians in the fifth century B.C. and uncovered in 1906. There is a pavilion where one can find an omelet, a straw sunhat, and a dried seahorse to be silvered later in Athens. Mrs. Kennedy also visited Hydra, an isle amplified here in *SR*'s issue of June 3.

Arabia has finally exposed a problem on which, up to now, there have only been whisperings and grumblings. Halpern had been planning a trip through Asia and Africa at his own expense when he discovered that commercial airlines serving Dhahran, a stop on his itinerary, are prohibited from boarding American Jews even though these passengers are merely making a fuel stop at the Saudi city en route elsewhere. Some of Congressman Halpern's objections stemmed from the further injustice that all U.S. taxpayers contribute to funds that are being used to build civil airports both in Dhahran and Damman.

The American flag carrier serving Dhahran is TWA, which now schedules two flights a week that stop in Dhahran. Tuesday's jet flies there by way of Rome and flies onward to Bombay. Friday's flight, part jet and part piston, travels to Paris, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Dhahran, and Bombay. Anyone booked *through* Dhahran must have a transit visa, which, incidentally, is only good for a one-time stopover at the airport. Transit visas are not issued to Jews. TWA says it cannot take passengers who do not possess a transit visa by way of Dhahran.

Before the jet age TWA had piston flights that overflew Dhahran, but it has become uneconomical, with 140-passenger airplanes, to schedule several flights, some of which stop at Dhahran and some of which overfly it. Because of the U.S. air base in Saudi Arabia and the vast interests and necessities of the

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Aramco Oil Company, TWA has elected to make the Dhahran stop and eliminate the overflight. Therefore, in point of fact, TWA cannot take Jewish passengers to India on its present routing, awarded to it by the Civil Aeronautics Board in the mid-Forties. Pan American's route to India lies to the north, by way of Istanbul, Tehran, and Karachi. TWA flies three times a week to Israel by way of Paris, Rome, and Athens.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY? Dick Gregory, the Negro comedian, was unveiled before cafe society at a downtown den called Teddy's in New York recently by columnist Earl Wilson, who introduced him as a new Will Rogers. Said Gregory: "Alan Shepard made a wonderful flight. Traveled 4,500 miles an hour, went 115 miles high, landed 302 miles away. The whole trip took fifteen minutes and then he had to wait an hour for his baggage."

—HORACE SUTTON.

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A Report On Education Inside Red China
By William Benton

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Return to Return to Peyton Place

IN "Wild in the Country" Elvis Presley is seen as a young man, age around twenty, given to alternating exhibitions of violence and sensitivity. After nearly killing his brother in a fight, he is paroled to an uncle who distills various alcoholic elixirs in a small Southern town. There he pays weekly visits to a pretty psychiatric worker (Hope Lange), who works on the sensitive side of his nature by encouraging him to write short stories. It is by now axiomatic in films that any young primitive who takes up the creative arts is bound to have unusual talent, and this is the case here. As soon as one of Elvis's stories is shown to a professor at the state university he is offered a scholarship. But before he can attend, some dark events must first be gone through.

In mood and cinematic style, "Wild in the Country" is reminiscent of "Peyton Place," and perhaps it is only coincidental that Jerry Wald was the producer of each. Mr. Wald was also the producer of "Return to Peyton Place," and several other movies in which a sensitive hero or heroine is shown against a vaguely hostile background. In these movies skeletons rattle in closets, scandals erupt, gossip abounds. Directors may change, the basic material may be Metalious or Faulkner, but the form is much the same.

Sluggishly, dully, the story flows along. Elvis is loved by the slatternly daughter (Tuesday Weld) of his uncle —it is strangely not mentioned that she is his cousin—also by a rich girl of the town (Millie Perkins), and eventually by the lady psychiatrist. He sings one song to each, is freed from a manslaughter charge, and heads at the end to the university, wearing a tie for the first time, and clearly paving the way for a sequel to be called "Return to Wild in the Country." Philip Dunne's direction is carefully soggy, and the actors are the victims of the kind of familiar dialogue that softly hammers us into boredom. It seems time for Mr. Wald to rouse himself and try some other kind of story.

Henri-George Clouzot's "The Truth" displays the topography of Brigitte Bardot while it inquires into the "truth" of a crime of passion. Within the framework of a courtroom drama Miss Bardot is grilled down to the last bare detail as to why and how she killed her lover. In a series of jigsaw flashbacks we unravel the sordid life of a girl of good family who goes bad. But she is not all bad, as the picture proves, and when she eventually kills, it is out of love and despair. Meanwhile, M. Clouzot takes us on a tour of sleazy Left Bank life, and also gets some fireworks out of the trial itself, which can be confusing unless one is aware of the peculiar nature of the French judicial system, which allows the family of the victim to be represented by special counsel. Mlle. Bardot certainly proves herself an actress of unusual ability, especially when she has the guidance of the capable Clouzot. The latter spells out the irony a little too explicitly at times, and the truth he eventually reveals is not particularly awe-inspiring; but his picture is fascinating through most of its lengthy course. There are striking performances by Charles Vanel and Paul Meurisse, and I was taken by Barbara Sohmers, who is a much more believable American bohemian expatriate than was Jean Seberg in "Breathless."

Very much worth while is "Rocco and His Brothers," a three-hour Luchino Visconti film that has had great success in Europe. It tells of a mother and her five sons migrating from the poverty-stricken south of Italy to the industrialized north of Milan and encountering the varied vicissitudes of city life. The focus is kept primarily on Rocco, the third eldest, who is almost saintlike in his devotion to his family. When an older brother becomes a near hoodlum after his failure in the prize ring, Rocco takes up the vocation and becomes a champion. But this only sketchily suggests the drama and the stark violence of an involved story. Important as a catalyst is a prostitute played by Suzy Delair. And important, too, is the realism of detail, including the scenes having to do with boxing, family celebrations, the violence of a rape scene, and a quite horrifying murder. Visconti hasn't the genius of a Fellini, his grasp of his characters' psychology is not always profound—but he does get effective performances, especially from Suzy Delair, Katina Paxinou as the mother, and Renato Salvatori as the older brother. Alain Delon, as Rocco, is a little too pretty to be fully believable, but he is a sensitive actor nevertheless. "Rocco and His Brothers" is not the great film we had been led to expect, but it is a solid and good one.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Off-Thruway Theatre

STRATFORD, CONN.

THE seventh American Shakespeare Festival opened with a farcical-pastoral modern-dress production of "**As You Like It.**" The notion of spoofing the carryings-on in the Forest of Arden is a promising one. For certainly in this comedy Shakespeare himself was having fun with the fashionable myths that rural living is superior to city dwelling and that lovers always fall in love at first sight and invariably become miraculously eloquent about it. Furthermore, the ideal director for such a treatment would seem to be Word Baker, who with "The Fantasticks" demonstrated so felicitously that he knows how to make a show outrageously funny yet credible and charming at the same time.

What went wrong? Was it the handicap of having to perform in front of a permanent grotto of floating potato chips? Is the big auditorium with its raked stage inimical to anything but display? Or is the task of rehearsing two plays with overlapping casts and blending them with production elements too difficult for the brief time the Festival can afford to give it?

Whatever the reason, the result in this case seems a curiously labored work full of nonsensical cutenesses, as if the director had not had time to edit what had struck him as wildly funny at 3 a. m. the night before. Donald Harron and Kim Hunter play Orlando and Rosalind with a kind of love-smitten tameness, and because the actors around them are embroidering the invented foibles of their characters, there is not much else to which they can react. Patrick Hines's reigning Duke Frederick is simply an affected dilletante trying to impress a frivolous lady who flounces about with him. Hiram Sherman appears to be looking for a Touchstone rather than being one. And even Carrie Nye, who most amusingly uses a Joan Greenwood delivery to portray Celia as a debutante "roughing it," performs her role as a series of solo turns. There is bottom-kicking, word-by-word pantomiming of simple speeches, and a far-fetched interchange between the lovers in which they toss an apple back and forth after each line. As Jaques, Donald Davis speaks beautifully and manages to break the famous speech up a little so that it doesn't stop the play, but like the rest he is merely reciting on cue rather than in response to the play's situations. The rural rustics suffer less from this defect for they are written more as types than as real participants. Paul Sparer is delightfully droll as the shepherd describing the supreme joy of a life tending his ewes and lambs. Kathryn Loder as a Tobacco Road shepherdess and Julian Miller as her comic dolt of a suitor are entertaining. And the creation of a brook with a streamer of blue silk and a tiny foot bridge is effective stage magic.

Indeed, in the play's final scenes, this production almost redeems its early follies. The actors stop reciting and inventing and become involved in an interesting situation. The moment Orlando realizes that the disguised Rosalind is really she, and Rosalind begins to suspect that Orlando is seeing through her disguise, we suddenly have a charming play rather than a self-conscious demonstration. Let us hope that during the summer, with work, this production will become all play.

THE ASFTA "**Macbeth**" shows no such promise of retrievability. While we admire Pat Hingle for attempting the role, and are prepared to excuse his deficiencies in vocal technique, we do expect him to conjure up the emotions of the guilt-ridden King. What we get instead is the struggle of an actor to speak in a rhythm markedly different from his own, and indeed Mr. Hingle is only exciting in occasional outbursts short enough to allow him to lapse into his own vital if non-Shakespearean delivery. Being an abrupt and violent actor, Mr. Hingle is at a further disadvantage in having to speak so many lyrical and contemplative lines, and our total impression is not that of a man encouraged by the supernatural to embark on a tragic course, but of a belligerent bully who gets all fouled up. Jessica Tandy's Lady Macbeth is inexplicably mild and uninteresting, lacking even the venom she brought to her destructive mother in "Five Finger Exercise." About the only virtues of this production are the promising performance of James Ray as Malcolm, and director Jack Landau's staging of the witch scenes with nicely controlled use of chemical smoke. The latter suggests that the architecture of this theatre and its operating problems may eventually lead ASFTA toward an unashamed concentration on the theatrically spectacular. Tales of sound and fury don't have to signify nothing, but actors at their worst do.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

The Kingstree Case

THE LICENSE of Palmetto Broadcasting Company, which owns WDKD, the only radio station in Kingstree, South Carolina, has technically expired. The FCC is determining whether the license, held since 1949, should be renewed. Local businessmen in Kingstree, a tobacco, corn, and cotton town with a population of 3,874, praised the station at a recent field hearing. One state senator, two representatives, a mayor, and the county superintendent of education testified or entered petitions on behalf of E. G. Robinson, Jr., the station owner, maintaining that WDKD has "met the needs of the community." Kingstree's "power elite," including the lady editor of the *County Record,* the town's weekly, are in favor of the renewal for Mr. Robinson, who also owns a seventy-acre farm and a whiskey store. On the other hand, the local association of ministers and many citizens sharply disapproved of a disc jockey (recently fired by the station) who had been broadcasting rustic smut for twelve years.

One issue in the case is "whether the licensee maintained adequate control or supervision of programming material. . . ." Another is "the manner in which . . . the licensee . . . has met the needs of the areas and populations served by the station. . . ." Palmetto Broadcasting itself asked that the field inquiry be broadened to include the last issue, so that it could submit in evidence its record of "public service." This record turned out, in the examination of the station's program logs, to be a staggering case of overcommercialization, misrepresentation of fact, and the most crude interpretation of broadcasting in the public interest. In a composite week, WDKD broadcast 1,462 spot announcements (its submitted count to the FCC was 1,077); 474 commercial spot announcements were made in one day between 5 a.m. and 6:56 p.m. During one fifteen-minute period, eighteen such announcements were made.

A "composite week's programs other than entertainment" showed that on Sunday there were no public service, religious, agriculture, talk, or sports programs. For the other six days the only talk program was "The Old Trading Post," a quarter-hour program (sponsored) of "I've lost a cow" or "Bull found" announcements. "No discussion or educational programs" were listed for the entire week. In the station's program log 95 per cent of the entries are spot announcements. The basic station diet is rock-'n'-roll, hillbilly music, and (until a competitor station in nearby Lake City blew the whistle) it was four hours a day of the *off-color* disc jockey.

MR. ROBINSON said that until his attorney came to Washington and listened to tapes of the disc jockey, he had not heard "the more blatant comments cited." He promised to run a clean station in the future, if renewal is granted. The off-color aspect of the case is not typical of the industry; not so, however, the lack of balanced programming or the overcommercialization. Chairman Minow and his fellow commissioners are faced with an interesting problem. The local leaders of Kingstree say they liked what WDKD is giving them. Indeed, two of the town's bankers told the Methodist minister, the Reverend Bernard Drenan, that he would damage his community standing and hurt his church if he testified at the hearing. The minister testified, preached a sermon, and won the admiration of his flock. There's fire in the backwoods, too.

WDKD claims to reach 41,000 people in the county. What are the "needs" of the station's listeners? If the town powers judge that these needs are being adequately met, shall the Commission accept their judgment? Or shall it refuse to renew the Palmetto license, basing its action on a more sophisticated grasp of the real needs of the community—even if the "needers" are not literate enough, in the broadcasting sense, to know them? Mr. Robinson has clearly failed the public philosophy in the matters of good taste, proper supervision, and misrepresentation. He should be permitted the privilege of paying the consequences.

It would prove more significant in the long run, however, if the Federal Communications Commission decided that there are more fundamental criteria by which such a failure may be measured. A broadcaster's judgment of what constitutes his community's needs is important, and so is the judgment of his listeners. But as the Kingstree case makes clear, the FCC should interpret listener "needs" under a broader umbrella than that provided by localized areas of profitable primitivism. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FAR, FAR AWAY

It often happens that people who write prolifically of a certain locale were actually born hundreds of miles from that spot. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists twenty writers and the region often associated with each and asks you to identify their place of birth (scrambled in the second column). Answers on page 27.

1. Conrad Aiken (New England)	( ) Melbourne
2. Pearl S. Buck (China)	( ) Baltimore
3. Willa Cather (Nebraska)	( ) Boston
4. Joseph Conrad (the Seven Seas)	( ) Calcutta
5. Lord Dunsany (Ireland)	( ) Greensboro, North Carolina
6. T. S. Eliot (England)	( ) Hampshire, England
7. F. Scott Fitzgerald (Ivy Land)	( ) Hillsboro, West Virginia
8. Benjamin Franklin (Philadelphia)	( ) Kentucky
9. Sigmund Freud (Vienna)	( ) London
10. Robert Frost (New England)	( ) Moravia
11. Robinson Jeffers (California)	( ) Auckland, New Zealand
12. Stephen Leacock (Canada)	( ) Paris
13. Somerset Maugham (England)	( ) Pittsburgh
14. Thomas Merton (Kentucky)	( ) Poland
15. David Morton (New England)	( ) St. Louis
16. Upton Sinclair (California)	( ) St. Paul
17. Wilbur Daniel Steele (New England)	( ) San Francisco
18. W. M. Thackeray (England)	( ) Savannah
19. Alan Villiers (England)	( ) Southern France
20. Hugh Walpole (England)	( ) Winchester, Virginia

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Money and Credit

Continued from page 8

over the dead bodies of several footnoters, that the automatic stabilizers could be greatly strengthened by tying tax rates to the movement of some unnamed economic indicator. Under this formula flexibility, tax rates would be cut or raised every time unemployment or some other index passed a specified level. The Commission drops the hot potato at this point and forebears to investigate the details of its suggestion.

Then, in the face again of strong footnote opposition, it turns to make the single most important proposal of the section, perhaps of the whole book: "In order to provide maximum flexibility for stabilizing tax changes, the Commission recommends that Congress grant the President limited conditional power to make temporary countercyclical adjustments in the first bracket rate of the personal income tax. . . ." The Commission hedges its proposal with numerous safeguards, including a Congressional veto over the President's power thus established to vary tax rates. It is wise in doing so, because it has every reason to fear that the Congress will reject such a delegation of its constitutional taxing power. And, to be sure, such executive powers could easily become a source of political mischief. Properly used, however, they could prove the longest step toward economic stability since the establishment of the Federal Reserve System.

DEBT MANAGEMENT: In passing on to debt management, the Commission reverts to a predominantly conservative tone—a curious enough shift since the task force responsible was that which also produced the fiscal extravaganzas.

In disregard of recent excitement over high interest costs, the Commission makes clear that minimum cost should not be the primary goal of public debt management. The maturities of the debt should be lengthened to avoid excessive short-term debt. Lengthening of the debt should be undertaken when business is buoyant, to avoid depressing the bond market when business is slack. Once the debt has been spread out, further refunding should be handled countercyclically, by selling short-term securities in recessions to create liquidity, by selling long-terms in booms to reduce it. All this will not be inexpensive.

The Commission propitiates liberals by suggesting removal of the public debt limit, that illogical but at times useful device by which Congress prevents the Executive branch from paying the bills that Congress has incurred. It has occasionally led to peculiar fiscal contortions and the Commission seems to feel that an open deficit is the best defense against fiscal hypocrisy. Conservatives will be better pleased with the proposed removal of the much debated 4¼ per cent interest ceiling. This would forestall the possible need for inflationary short-term financing, and so would diminish somewhat the prospect, hopefully remote, that Treasury paper, issued in excess, will someday be reduced to its *intrinsic* value.

FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS: The proposals for improving private credit institutions are among the most drastic in the book, although a little on the technical side. Not too many people possibly are concerned because mutual savings institutions pay virtually no tax, or because savings and loan associations carry far less in cash reserves than their competitors must. But commercial bankers have chafed under these competitive handicaps for a long time. The Commission offers to even things up for them. It also castigates the unit banking system, pleads for large-scale branch banking, and wants broader investment powers for all institutions to enhance competition and mobility of capital. And while at first sight one might suspect that the bankers on the task force had had themselves a field day carving up the competition, report has it that the initiative for these welcome changes came from others.

For federal credit agencies, no comparable changes are proposed. But neither is there a suggestion that they be dismantled: the bankers swallowed the continued existence of all competing public institutions. Some no doubt swallowed hard.

POLICY COORDINATION: When the Commission comes to putting together the pieces it has fashioned, it is up against the old question: *quis custodiet custodes?* Who is to ride herd on the various policymaking agencies? One question is the independence of the Federal Reserve. The issue here is simple. In case of conflict between Federal Reserve and Executive, the Federal Reserve is sure to be for the harder policy. Therefore, whoever is for harder policies will be for an independent Federal Reserve, and whoever favors softer policies will be for coordination. The Commission leaves the Federal Reserve independent, or so it seems. The Federal Reserve Act is to be coordinated with a revised Employment Act, giving the Federal Reserve and the President's Council of Economic Advisers identical marching orders. The Federal Reserve is to be drawn into a new Presidential council. This body is not statutory, however, and cannot bind the Federal Reserve. The real joker is the provision, in an earlier section, that in effect allows the incoming president to appoint the chairman of the Federal Reserve's Board of Governors. This can lead to everything or nothing: a board completely subservient to the president, a split board, or an independent board.

For general policy coordination throughout the executive branch, the Commission looks to the President. He is to meet with his new council of major agencies often enough to give leadership and insure coordination. When things are not going well in the economy, he is to render a quarterly report to Congress. Numerous further suggestions to improve policymaking are added.

• • •

NOW that the Commission's proposals are out, the principal question is: how much of them will the Administration and the Congress buy? The significance of the report is not in the novelty of the things it says—practically all of them have been said before by somebody or other. It is that an important group of people has studied the problems and has made up its mind about them. Some of the proposals—such as that for administrative tax flexibility—are in line with what leading figures of the Administration were saying some time ago. Lately, however, little has been heard of these ideas. Some—such as the change in the competitive status of financial institutions—will no doubt run into violent resistance from politically well-entrenched interests.

The rehabilitation of monetary policy, which is the intellectual core of the report, will have its influence upon the climate of discussion. Certainly it will not end controversy. Prejudice, as Dr. Johnson once observed, not being founded on reason, cannot be removed by argument. But some prejudices on both sides may have been pried loose and disagreement raised to a higher level.

The impact that the report may have on legislation and policy will depend in good part on the public reception it is able to arouse. Here are proposals that could strongly advance economic growth and stability.

What are we going to do about them?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 19, 16, 8, 18, 17, 12, 2, 15, 5, 9, 20, 13, 11, 4, 6, 7, 10, 1, 14, 3.

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PIONEERING

AT BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES

In such an open field as this Dr. Karl Jansky of Bell Laboratories opened the way to radio astronomy. His search for a mysterious source of radio noise led him—and us—to the stars for our answer.

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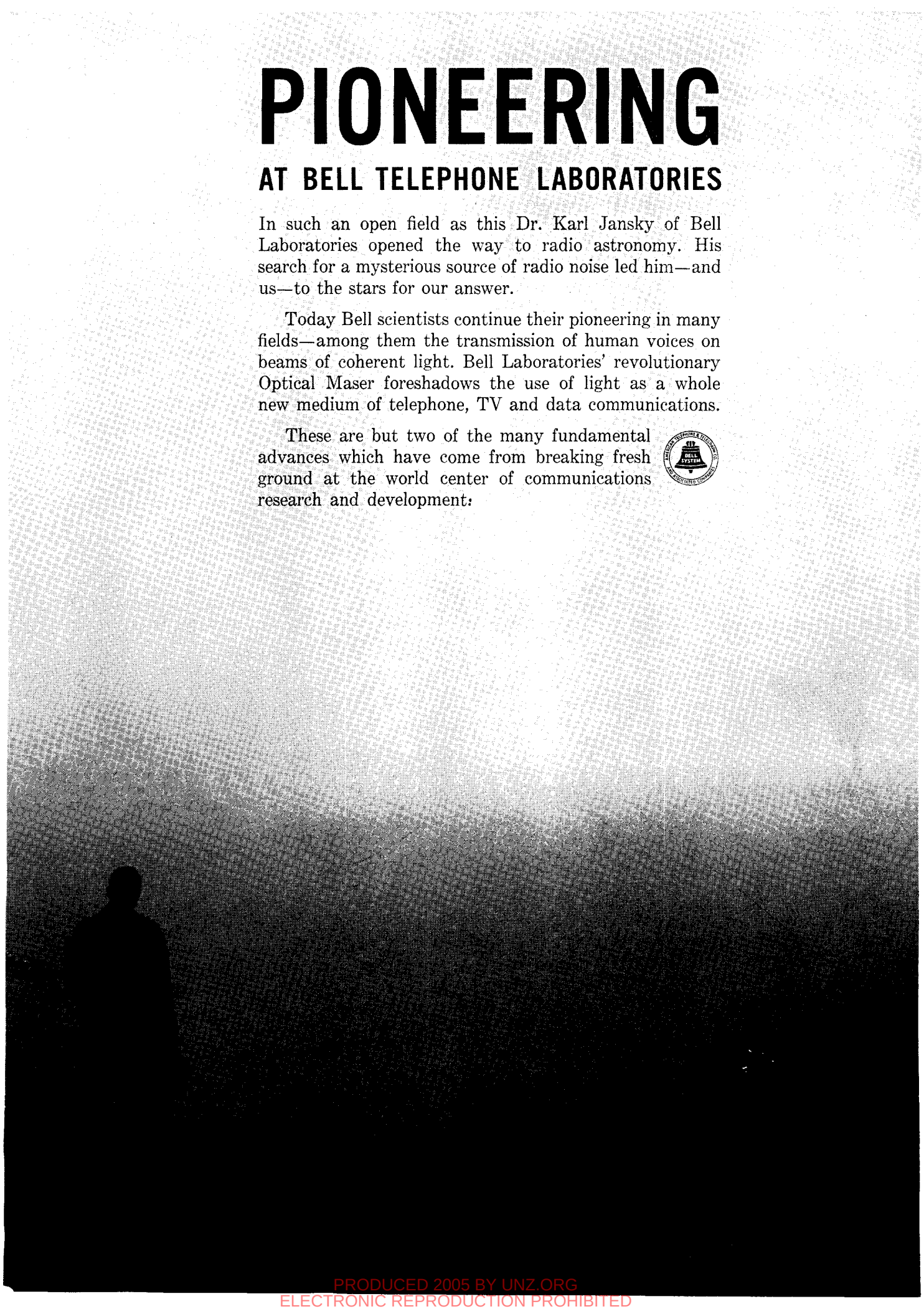

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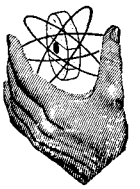

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—LXIV • Science in Books • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: The Ancient Mystery of Thunder

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

MAN LEARNS TO FLY IN A STEAM-POWERED CORSET

OF ALL the strange things that might be expected to happen in this age of rocketry, when the wheel is gradually disappearing as a means of locomotion after thousands of years of use, one of the least likely would seem to be a man propelling himself through the air with the help of a steam engine.

Yet it has come to pass.

A 27-year-old engineer has lifted himself to the top of thirty-foot hills (he is seen in motion in the photo above) and flown across long stretches of land and water with no other support than a steam-powered corset.

This remarkable flying garment is fashioned of fiberglas and molded to fit the back and hips of its wearer, who slips his arms through padded rings attached to the top at either side. A pair of safety belts drawn taut around the abdomen prevent the corset from pulling free and soaring off alone.

Extending from each of the two arm rings is a flexible metal tube. The tube for the left arm ends in a steering stick that the flier manipulates with his left hand. The tube for the right arm ends in a hand throttle like that of a motorcycle.

When the wearer of the corset squeezes the throttle, he opens a valve in a small fuel tank mounted on the corset's back at the shoulders. Hydrogen peroxide stored in the tank escapes under pressure into a gas generator. In the gas chamber is a catalytic agent which causes the hydrogen peroxide to decompose into steam. The steam rushes out through two rocket nozzles pointing downward from the fuel tank. As the thrust of the steam toward the ground increases, the corset rises, carrying its wearer aloft.

Only one man is known to have flown in this device. He is Harold M. Graham, a bachelor who lives with his parents and two sisters in his native town of Kenmore, a suburb of Buffalo, N.Y. Graham received his bachelor of science degree from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1956. He worked for three years as a heat transfer engineer in Batavia, N.Y., before joining the test engineering staff of Bell Aerosystems Company, a Textron subsidiary, a year and a half ago.

Graham had piloted automobiles and boats but not an airplane when he began to take part in the experiments of Wendell F. Moore at Bell's test facility. Moore had been tinkering with the theory of a flying corset since 1954. Early patterns of the garment went through preliminaries usual for such things. Nine months ago, the U. S. Army Transportation Research Command signed a contract for production of a practical working model. Graham made the first free flight on 20 April 1961, crossing a stretch of ground 100 feet wide—about twenty feet less than the distance traversed by Orville and Wilbur Wright's original airplane.

Since April, more than thirty flights have been completed, including a public jump over a fire truck at Army Transportation Research Command headquarters in Ft. Eustis, Va., early in June. Distances have ranged up to 360 feet. Average height above the ground has been three to four feet, but Graham has used the flying corset to reach the tops of thirty foot high hills, and Moore says there is no reason to suppose much higher altitudes cannot be attained.

The model in which Graham's demonstration flights were made "is strictly a feasibility model designed to prove that lightweight rocket power can lift a man and transport him over the ground in controlled flight," designer Moore explains. "Available components were employed wherever possible . . . since we were trying to prove the man-rocket concept and were not shooting for maximum performance."

The army's interest in the steam-jet corset lies in obvious directions. If assault troops in amphibious landings could rocket across the water from landing ships to beachheads, the invaders would be more difficult targets for shore fire. Once on land, the climbing of steep hills and cliffs would be simplified. Creeks and rivers, deep ravines, barbed wire entanglements and mine fields could be hurdled rather than struggled through.

Still more significant, to those who look deeper into the future, is the potential value of the flying corset in world police action.

Differences among men will always have to be settled in personal contact of some sort. The Bell Aerosystems device lends itself to that reality. The speed is now about thirty miles per hour; that can be raised. The weight is now about 100 pounds; that can be lowered. The cost is now an unknown factor, but Moore's guess is that it could come down well below the price of a modest automobile.

THERE is sounder sense in this kind of thinking and spending than there is in multi-billion-dollar schemes to race the Russians to the moon.

No scientist seriously involved in responsibility for American exploration of the space beyond earth's atmosphere claims to see this exploration as a practi-

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cal national defense measure. The idea of bombing earth from the moon is scientifically absurd. The "high ground" and 'Panama" theories now being drummed up to justify military control of what should be civilian scientific enterprise have no basis in historical fact. Geographical points become strategic only when they exert strategic command over meaningful situations. At the present time, the sole areas that conceivably might be subject to strategic control are the cones of space at the northern and southern poles of earth through which spaceships will have to pass to avoid the fierce electrical lagoons lying between the Van Allen belts of magnetic reefs around the planet.

* * *

DO you sometimes feel like a worm? If you do, accept the feeling as an entirely natural emotion. It may even be a form of ancestor worship.

An assistant professor of psychology at Indiana University, Donald D. Jensen, thinks that a worm is the missing link between man and the one-celled organisms which man must have evolved from if the theory of evolution is the correct explanation for human presence on earth.

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The generally accepted line of descent runs as follows:

Man.
Primates.
Insectivores.
Reptiles
Amphibians
Lobe-finned fish.
Early jawed fish.
Jawless fish.

The line seems clear because each set of ancestors has a set of internal organs, called homologues, in common with its immediate descendants.

What species came before the jawless fish? Before we can decide that, we must know which of the several types of jawless fish is supposed to have carried the upward line toward man. The zoologist's choice is the Myxinoids.

Many homologues for Myxinoid organs have been found in the lower chordates—simple animals such as the acorn worm and the starfish. So some scientists believe the Myxinoids could have evolved from the lower chordates. But if we agree on the lower chordates as the ancestors of the Myxinoids, we are stranded in the midst of nowhere. For the necessary homologues are missing between the lower chordates and more primitive forms of life. If man evolved from the lower chordates, he did not evolve his intricate present-day concatenation of metabolic processes all the way up the wonder-filled path from a single, simple cell.

There is, however, a way out of the dilemma. The lower chordates, instead of being the ancestors of the Myxinoids, may be Myxinoid descendants or second cousins or something of that kind. Evolution goes backward and sidewise as well as forward, and the lower chordates may represent one of the degenerations, just as the Neanderthals whose skeletons were recently discovered in a Zagros mountain cave near the junction of Iraq, Turkey and Iran seem to have been throwbacks rather than forward-pushers in the progression toward the modern human species.

The Iraqui Neanderthals are worth a few lines of their own in passing, because they so well illustrate an aspect of evolution that is not as widely understood as it might be. Skeletons of seven of them have been dug out of the same cave since 1953, beginning with the bones of a pre-historic baby. The diggers were on an expedition cosponsored by Columbia University and the Smithsonian Institution and financed by a grant from the National Science Foundation. Down from the cave floor through 45 feet of sedimentary earth and stone these determined searchers went, and on reaching bedrock at the bottom learned from carbon-14 dating that they had passed through 100,000 years of time.

The lowermost Neanderthals, since named Shanidar II and Shanidar III, were buried 70,000 years ago. Ten to twelve feet above them were Shanidar I and Shanidar V, in soil containing tropical date palm pollen, 45,000 years old. Between, amid relics of a period of cold so severe that only fir trees grew, were Shanidar IV and Shanidar VI. Thus this particular race of man's more immediate predecessors, after surviving a major shift in climate, died out approximately 45,000 years ago because its hereditary strain was too conservative to cope with other, perhaps, more subtle, changes.

"It is possible," says the Iraq expedition chief assistant anthropology professor Dr. Ralph Solecki of Columbia, "that the Zagros Mountains may have been a refuge for this type of prehistoric people, since there is geological evidence suggesting that in Palestine a more humanly advanced 'progressive' Neanderthal was already in existence long before."

Vastly earlier than these primitive beings, who abandoned their caves for village life in the open during summer but apparently couldn't figure a way to survive in town through the rougher winter days, Indiana psychologist Jensen believes the lower chordates made a similarly interesting and equally futile kink in the evolutionary line. He proposes that students of the chain of life stop considering the lower chordates as the ancestors of the jawless fish and turn instead to the hoplonemertines as the likeliest link between the backboned ancestors of man and simpler creatures that have no spines.

The hoplonemertines are flat-worms. Jensen (as an ethnologist, he is committed to observation of animals living freely in their natural habitat rather than studying confined subjects in contrived psychological experiments) has been studying the worms for three years as a postdoctoral fellow of the National Science Foundation at the University of Groningen in Holland. He says the worms have a notocord (backbone-like structure), skeletal cartilage, body muscles, horny teeth, mouth, gill slits, digestive tract, circulatory system, and pituitary gland comparable to the Myxinoids. Being a psychologist, he is even more impressed by the fact that the worm and the jawless fish have similar brains, nervous systems, eyes, ears, noses, and even taste buds.

From the hoplonemertines downward to the Paramecium, there is no difficulty in tracing the ancestral line, Jensen says. Homologues abound all the way down to the protozoa. So on those occasions when you feel like a worm, you may merely be proving to yourself that Darwin was right.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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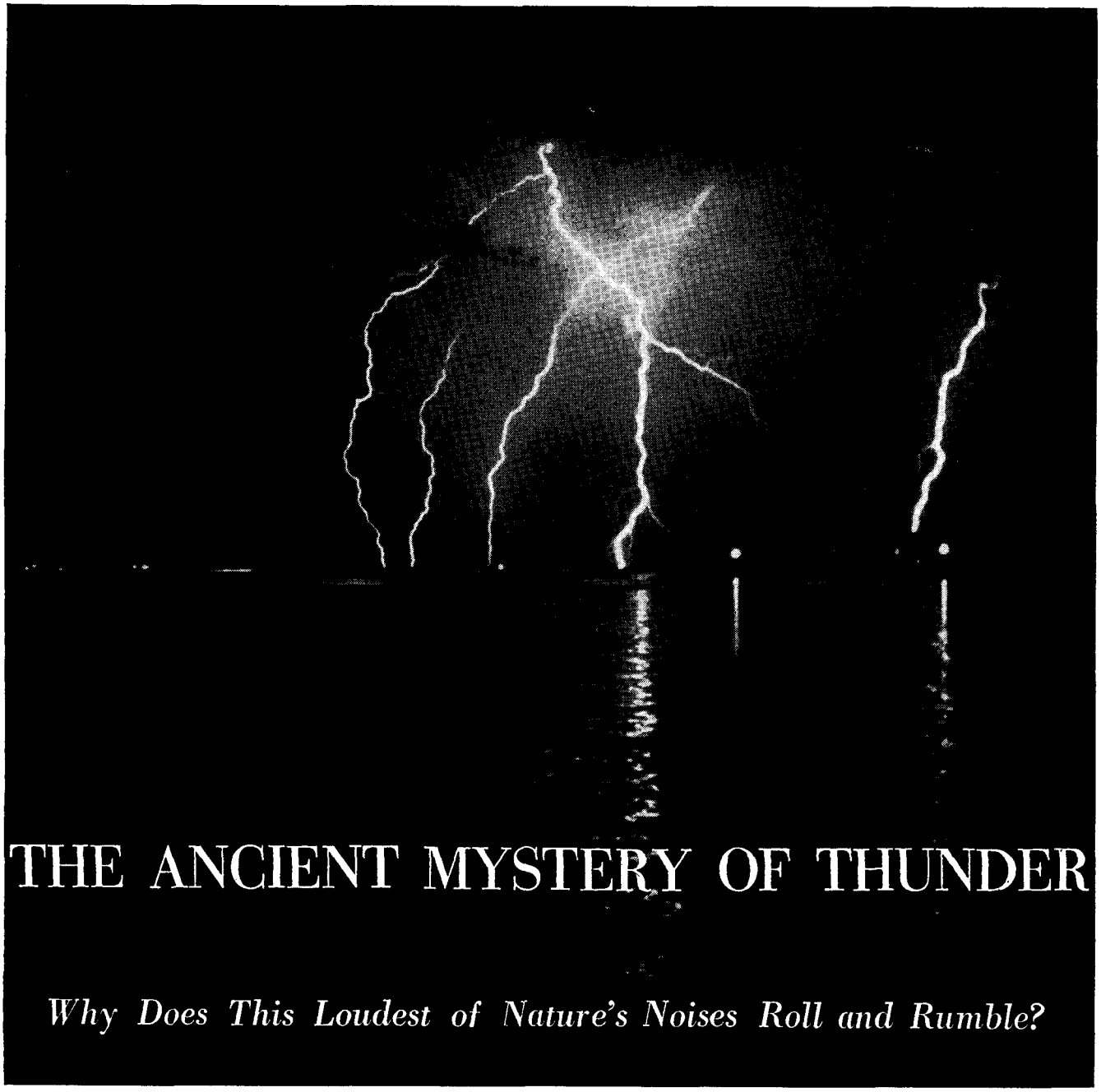

THE ANCIENT MYSTERY OF THUNDER

Why Does This Loudest of Nature's Noises Roll and Rumble?

—Photo by Walter L. Howe, Cruft Laboratory, Harvard.

By WILFRED J. REMILLARD

THUNDER is the loudest of all natural sounds.

The majesty of its crash, roll, and rumble is distinguishable even by a child.

In its presence, the rainbow has been seen to tremble.

Whence comes this awesome noise?

From a lightning bolt.

Ah, yes; but how?

What portion of the lightning stroke do we hear? How much of its energy is given off in sound? What makes the thunder rumble? What causes the thunder to clap? Why does thunder when heard at short distances always begin with a clap but build up from a slow rumble to a clap when heard farther off? Why is thunder completely rumble when heard at long distances? What is the cause of the prolonged duration of thunder? Why can thunder seldom be heard for very long distances, like explosions or cannon fire?

Men have been pondering these mysteries from primaeval times. The written record of their questionings can be traced back at least three centuries before Christ, when the great Greek philosopher, Aristotle, expressed his belief that "thunder is due to the forcible ejection of dry exhalation trapped in the clouds in the process of condensation. The ejected exhalation usually catches fire, and this produces lightning (which thus occurs, in spite of appearances, after thunder)." He continued: "Different kinds of sound are produced because of the lack of uniformity in the clouds and because hollows occur where their density is not continuous."

Two centuries later, Lucretius implicitly confessed that he was as confused as "the multitude [which] can by no means see the causes" of thunder. At one point he supposed that "the blue skies are convulsed with thunder because the clouds in the air, as they fly along on high, when winds are opposed to each other, meet together in collision." At another place he suggested that the sound might come from ice and hail crashing together in the clouds, or from the bursting of a cloud due to wind trapped inside.

The next seventeen centuries did not clarify the matter. Rene Descartes in the year 1637 still claimed that thun-

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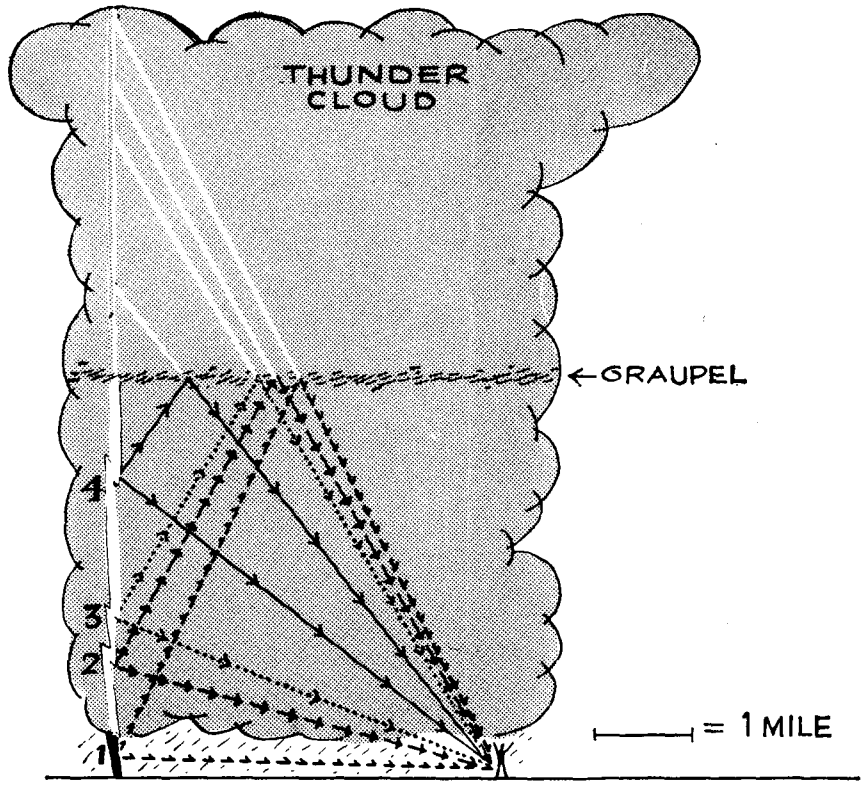
der was due to higher clouds descending on lower. He attributed the loudness of the sound to the resonance of the air. These ideas seemed reasonable 100 years afterward to Benjamin Franklin, who possessed a profound understanding of the electrical nature of thunderstorms yet also believed that thunder was caused by the colliding of clouds.

In the meanwhile, however, Descartes' interest in the causes of thunder aroused the curiosity of other great men such as Robert Boyle, the distinguished chemist, and Robert Hooke, the famous physicist. Hooke was first to theorize that the duration of the rumble of thunder was due to the difference in the lengths of sound paths between the observer and various portions of the lightning stroke, and to echoes reflected from parts of the earth and from clouds. He likewise was the first person to observe and record the fact that "if it rained when it thundered, it immediately after the clap poured down much faster, much as if a gale of wind had suddenly shook a tree, all whose leaves are full with drops of water."

The celebrated French geometer, J. H. Lambert, excited no doubt by the writings of his compatriot Descartes, estimated that the maximum distance at which thunder could be heard was about eight miles. Another countryman of Descartes, Francois Arago, known mainly for his work on optics, probably included more factual information on thunder in one book (published in 1854) than has ever been put into a single volume before or since. Using many observations gleaned from meteorological records all over the world, Arago showed that there can be lightning without thunder and even the antithesis: thunder without lightning. He cited many examples of cannon fire being heard much farther than thunder. Finally, Arago remarked that the theory of the cause of thunder generally accepted by his contemporaries was that the lightning produced a vacuum where it passed, and the noise was a consequence of the re-entry of the air. "But," he asked, "by what physical cause does the lightning produce the vacuum?" "The explanation of thunder," he concluded, "is, therefore, yet to be found."

The number of men interested in thunder rose to a peak in the half century 1870-1920. During this period, the "vacuum theory" was contested by R. S. Mershon, who presented his own theory as follows: "The electricity in passing from one cloud to another, or to the earth, decomposes the water in the cloud into component gases, and the great heat of the electricity ignites and explodes these gases, and re-forms



—Doug Anderson

THUNDER CLAPS AND RUMBLES for observers near lightning, who hear sounds 1, 2, 3, 4 in order in which they occur as stroke flashes upward. Reflections follow in reverse order (4, 3, 2, 1) because of varying lengths of sound paths (triangle 4 being smaller than 3, triangle 3 smaller than triangle 2, triangle 2 smaller than triangle 1).

them into water." A variant of Mershon's motion was the "steam theory" offered by R. V. Reynolds. In essence, it held that the lightning discharge caused any suspended moisture in its path to change into steam at enormous pressures, the effect being a violent detonation or blow upon the surrounding air. When E. L. Bates advanced these ideas to explain copious precipitation immediately following a heavy peal of thunder, he was attacked by J. A. Lyon on three grounds: (1) "If enough oxygen and hydrogen to make the water of a cloudburst, such as he (Bates) imagines, were to be suddenly exploded, say, above New York City, the concussion and flames produced would lay the greater part of the city in ruins;" (2) "The appearance due to an explosion of gases in the atmosphere would be entirely different from a flash of ordinary lightning;" (3) "The lightning discharge is evidently close akin to the spark discharge of a Leyden jar or battery. This makes a loud and sharp sound under conditions where oxygen and hydrogen cannot possibly be produced and exploded."

Lost in the fury of the dispute was M. Hirn's theory of 1888, which said: "The sound which is known as thunder is due simply to the fact that the air traversed by an electric spark, that is, a flash of lightning, has its volume considerably increased. The column of gas thus suddenly heated and expanded is sometimes several miles long, and as the duration of the flash is not even a millionth of a second, it follows that the noise bursts forth at once from the whole column, though for an observer in any one place it commences where the lightning is at the least distance."

There, in Hirn's words, lay the correct answer to the foremost riddle of thunder. But in 1920 the subject of thunder suddenly, for no reason that now seems persuasive, was closed. And it remained closed for a generation while man waited for the proper tools (e.g., the oscilloscope and the microphone) to grapple effectively with the infinite complexities involved in true understanding of thunder. Science turned its collective mind from the sound that accompanied the lightning flash to the heat, the light, and the electrical properties of the flash itself. So complete was the shift that in 1957 Harvard Professor Frederick V. Hunt felt it would be worthwhile to undertake a study of "the plausibility of thunder."

As recipient of Professor Hunt's challenge. I became responsible for assembling from the literature all the information that other men before me had collected about thunder. Most of what I found in the course of a year of intensive hunting consisted of rough observations and guesses as to their

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meaning. There were only two really scientific contributions to the knowledge I sought. Both were made by Germans.

Wilhelm Schmidt, who is probably better known for his pioneer work in atmospheric turbulence, was the first person to make actual recordings of the pressure vibrations of the air due to thunder. He accomplished his work in 1913. To appreciate his ingenuity, it is only necessary to consider the two instruments be devised. One, to record in subaudible frequencies, consisted of a wooden box with its only aperture closed by a thin aluminum plate, suspended by two threads and connected to a recording pen by a series of levers. The other instrument, a recorder of audible sound waves, was a gramophone horn, the throat of which was applied laterally to a short upright chimney; inside the chimney was a smoky turpentine lamp, with a flame that jumped every time a sound vibration entered the horn's mouth. A strip of motor-driven paper moved across the chimney top, and the smoky flame left its record on the paper in lateral bands of soot. It was, therefore, only possible to make rough qualitative estimates of the sound intensities. But Schmidt had the instrument set up so that "on the approach of a thunderstorm it was merely necessary to open a window, switch on the motor, and light the turpentine lamp." And he got enough bands of soot to allow a statistical analysis that showed the frequencies of thunder most likely to be heard were those between fifteen and forty vibrations per second, while the next most likely were those between seventy-five and 120 vibrations per second. The record indicated that most of the vibration energy of thunder was subaudible. Finally, Schmidt concluded that the strongest portion of the pressure wave of thunder was a rarefaction, which was to say that the loudest sound came from a recoil of the air upon itself following its sudden and violent expansion by the passing lightning spark.

Not so ingenious as Schmidt, but perhaps a more persistent student of thunder, was Prof. L. C. Veenema, who closely watched nearly every thunderstorm that occurred in his era during the years 1895 to 1916. He was principally interested in determining how far thunder could be heard. For reasons that will become clear later in these pages, the most significant of all Veenema's conclusions was that only from strong cloud-to-ground lightning could thunder be heard afar.

Lightning, it may be appropriate to note at this point, occurs in five different forms. There is intra-cloud or sheet lightning – lightning within a cloud, identifiable by its broad, diffuse illumination. There are air discharges—lightning flashes that reach out from the bottoms of clouds but do not extend to the ground. There is ribbon lightning—lightning that occurs in a very strong wind; the air channel conducting the electricity moves fast enough to make the individual strokes appear separated, much like the posts in a picket fence. There is ball lightning—a rare form which can be anywhere from half an inch to six feet in diameter, has a lifetime of a few seconds and ends with a loud explosion. And there is forked or streak lightning—lightning flashes which often have several branches, the main one extending almost vertically downward from the cloud to the ground. An apparent characteristic of this type of lightning is the flicker of light it gives off because of the multiplicity of strokes (separate current surges) constituting the flash. Forked or streak lightning alone produces "proper thunder."

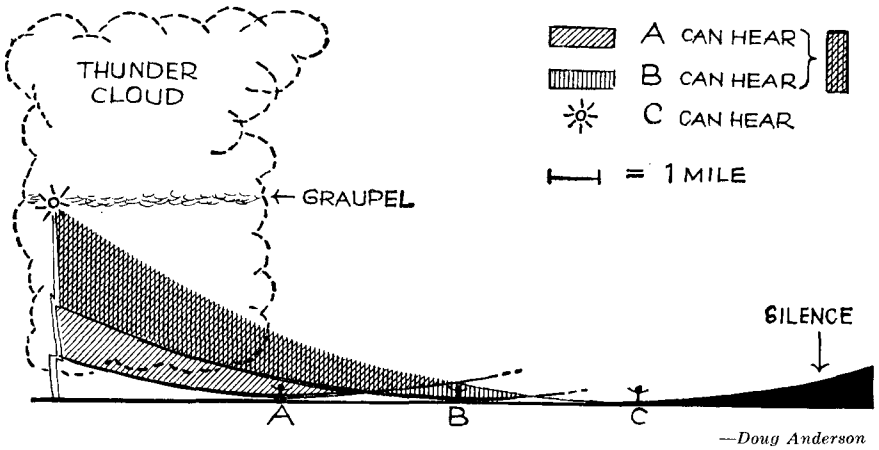
What appears to be a single discharge in a cloud-to-ground flash is really a number of separate components or strokes which follow one another at variable intervals of about thirty thousandths of a second. The first stroke begins inside the thunderstorm cloud. What starts it is still unknown. But it is a relatively light negatively charged spark that sometimes travels horizontally through the cloud for a mile or more (clouds are bigger than most people think, as can be seen from the sketch on page 32) before turning downward. The spark darts this way and that, reaching toward one positively charged potential point on the ground after another until the ionized path is opened within ten yards of the earth's surface. At that juncture a very heavily charged return streamer jumps up from the earth and continues to and into the cloud along the previously stepped path, filling in all the branches as it progresses up the main trunk. Then another low-current leader darts down the trunk, followed by an upward shooting streamer with no branches. Usually a third exchange of this sort completes the lightning flash.

At the time I began my inquiry under Professor Hunt's tutelage, a sufficient number of measurements had been made of most of the physical constants of lightning that I was easily able to describe a statistically typical lightning stroke. This flash was between three and a half and four miles long. It was six inches in diameter. It generated a maximum temperature of 12,000 degrees Centigrade. It created a pressure jump somewhere between forty and 300 times the normal pressure of the air. The stroke branched four times. When the powerful return streamer rising from the earth passed each branch point, the entire electrified channel from that point to the ground brightened. Given these facts plus the knowledge that only a quarter of one percent of the total dissipated energy of a lightning flash goes into production of the thunder, it was a relatively simple matter to apply the laws of acoustics and formulate a mathematical equation representing the typical lightning bolt. Using this equation, I could then make theoretical calculations to predict some of the characteristics of thunder.

The thunder was as typical as the lightning, of course. Normal thunder would be quite difficult to describe numerically because so many of its most important aspects vary with observation distance, atmospheric condition, and the general nature of the lightning flash. Nevertheless, my mathematical model proved reliable enough to lead me through a detective-story-like experience.

From the model, three deductions were inevitable.

One deduction was that the sound of thunder came partly from sudden



—Doug Anderson

THUNDER RUMBLES AND CLAPS for observers distant from lightning because sound waves bend upward toward colder air. A, B and C in sketch above all miss opening clap, hear only sound generated by portion of lightning above intersection of parabola tangent to their feet. Beyond C (usually ten miles), all sound of thunder dies.

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compression of the air through which the lightning passed, and partly from relaxation and reverberation of the air in the subsequent collapse of the channel opened by the electricity. Although the typical lightning flash itself is only six inches across, the late Dr. Louis Ridenour calculated that the oscillating column of air around the flash covers a span of more than a yard.

The second deduction suggested by my model lightning bolt was that there would be thunder claps at each branch point of the lightning bolt.

The third deduction was that the roll and rumble of the thunder would be prolonged over predictable periods of time depending on the distance from the lightning to the observer's ear.

Were these deductions correct?

Sherlock Holmes surely would have devised experiments to prove them true or false. I lack the Holmes touch. I did, however, make one test with ten-foot sparks in still air at the Pittsfield, Mass., laboratory of General Electric. It proved that that portion of thunder which travels directly from the lightning stroke to the observer does consist in part of a compression wave and in part of a rarefaction wave, with the greater share of the energy coming from rarefaction. In short, the first deduction suggested by my model of a typical lightning bolt was accurate.

This success enabled me to refine the model, to the extent of assuming a sound source shaped like a finite cylinder rather than my original shape of an infinite line infinitely thin as a lightning flash appears to the eye.

What of my second deduction?

I turned back to the literature of past experiments. Many years before, I found Prof. J. Trowbridge had generated 3,000,000-volt sparks seven feet long in his laboratory at Harvard. By firing these sparks alongside marked sheets of paper, he demonstrated through the position of holes in the paper that a phenomenon of an explosive nature occurs whenever a powerful spark forks. He concluded that "there is an explosion at each point where the lightning discharge forks."

Here was confirmation of my second deduction. Here was the explanation of why thunder claps.

One more deduction remained to be followed: the one that said the duration of thunder could be determined by the length of the path the sound traveled from the lightning to the observer.

Again I scanned past records for evidence. The trail grew longer and longer. From a reference by Napier Shaw I found Arago's book of 1854, already commented on. Arago mentioned some work done by a French astronomer, Joseph-Nicolas de L'Isle. But it was only a passing mention. Arago named no date, no particular publication. I checked the card catalogue in the Widener Library at Harvard. Many de L'Isles were listed. At last I came to Joseph-Nicolas and the year 1712. Aha! Joseph-Nicolas had made a number of observations of thunder. Each observation included the time

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXIV

THE THUNDEROUS EQUATION

Lightningbolts are Homework for Wilfred J. Remillard

—*Walter L. Howe*

AT THE age of 36, Wilfred Joseph Remillard is one of the few genuine authorities on thunder.

Among other things, he has written the first comprehensive mathematical equation representing a thunderbolt:

$$p = p\ (r,\ t,\ \underline{2}\ h)$$

If you want to work it out for yourself during a thunderstorm this summer, the first p in the equation stands for the sound you hear after a lightning flash. The p on the other side of the equality sign is air pressure, r is the distance between yourself and the lightning, t is the time between the flash of the lightning and your hearing of the first sound of thunder, and h is the apparent height of the lightning stroke. The underlined number 2 is Remillard's big contribution to the elucidation of thunder. It represents his discovery that thunder rolls and rumbles over twice as long a period of time as can be explained acoustically by the height of a lightningbolt. The doubling, he postulates, is due to reflection of the swiftly succeeding sounds of thunder from a mirror-like layer of graupel (soft hail) particles, perhaps half a mile or more thick, hanging horizontally across the inside of the thundercloud at the point where the lightning originates.

How did Remillard become involved in thunder research?

The clouds of war swept him up. The sweeper was the United States Navy, which was recruiting a special corps of meteorologists for the Pacific Theater of World War II. At that time, Remillard was majoring in math and physics at Harvard College. He had gone there from Bridgewater State Teachers College after Catholic schooling in New Bedford, near the town of Fairhaven where his father sold Singer sewing machines.

The closest that Remillard actually got to the Pacific was the campus of California Institute of Technology. After a year of atmospheric studies there, the Navy assigned him to a flying squadron of typhoon hunters, which was split into three flights just before it headed west. Remillard was in the third flight. It was ordered east at the last minute to hunt hurricanes in the Caribbean. The navy plane that took the first radar picture of a hurricane eye carried him among its crew.

Four years of Navy service freed Remillard in 1949 to go back to the business of earning a bachelor's degree in science. This he did at Massachusetts Institute of Technology during the same period that he married Brenda Meisner, who had come down from Nova Scotia to work as secretary in a Boston law firm. In 1952, war intervened again and he went first to the University of Rhode Island and then to Guam to watch over the weather in Korea. In 1954 he was back at Harvard for his master's, and in 1957 he began the thunder studies under Professor Frederick V. Hunt that led to his Ph D last year. He celebrated his doctorate by reading a paper, "The Anatomy of Thunder," before the annual meeting of the American Association of Physics Teachers in 1961.

Where does an authority on thunder put his special knowledge to use? In the state that experiences the most thunderstorms, of course. That state is Florida. Remillard next fall will begin his faculty career as an assistant professor in the new department of engineering science at Florida State University in Tallahassee, home of one of the country's finest meteorological schools. —J.L.

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interval between the lightning flash and the arrival of the first sound of thunder, the times and durations of the thunder claps, and the entire duration of the thunder.

Already knowing that lightning flashes are never longer than five and a half miles nor shorter than two and a quarter miles, I expected to have an easy time with de L'Isle's data confirming my third deduction. But the results of the correlations between his findings and the matching knowledge he didn't possess were frustrating. In each case, the durations of thunder that he reported were such that the sound appeared to come from a lightning stroke that was twice as long as my model of the typical lightningbolt.

Why this persistent doubling? Was there anything in the atmosphere that would act to double the apparent acoustical length of the lightning? Was there, perhaps, a reflecting layer of some kind at the summit of the lightning channel that could produce a mirror effect?

Since lightning flashes originate within thunderclouds, I pursued my search into the clouds. In examining their physical composition, I came upon a layer of graupel (soft hail) which, in its natural mixture with air, liquid water droplets and water vapor, could account for the thermodynamics necessary for reflection of thunder.

Thus I arrived at what I believe to be the explanation for the prolonged duration of thunder.

As shown in the sketch on page 32, the sound moves out from a lightning stroke in all directions, reaching the ears of a listener first in straight line bursts, and then in rolling and rumbling succession of waves bounced back by the graupel layer in the thundercloud. There is a loud clap when the heavy charge of electricity rises from the earth, and lesser claps as the charge passes each fork in the lightning bolt. The person who is close enough hears the takeoff clap first, followed by the lesser sounds. More distant observers miss the opening bang, but hear the rumble leading up to the branch-point claps.

Because sound always bends toward colder air, the duration of the ascending noise is determined by a parabola tangent to the surface of the earth at the point where a person stands (see illustration, page 33). Any hearer hears only the sound of that part of the lightning above the point where the parabola tangent to his feet intersects the lightning bolt. At a distance of about ten miles (sometimes as far as fifteen miles) the parabola hits the top of the lightning stroke and only that one sound can be heard. Beyond ten miles, the sound of the thunder is gone.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

WHAT THE WEATHER DID ABOUT MAN

Before He Began Talking about the Weather

A MAJOR paradox to be faced when we consider our own origins is that man, who through the power of his mind has come near to complete mastery over the forces of external nature as they confront him on this planet, and who is even now engaged in extending his dominion into outer space, is himself an animal. In common with all other animals he forms part of the nexus of living things and individually is subject to the same processes of growth, maturity, and death. Like them, also, he lives within the framework of a physical environment. If, therefore, we are to interpret correctly the material traces of his culture recovered by archeology, it is important to begin by considering at least in broad outline the evolution of his geographical setting during Pleistocene and later times. . . .

The Pleistocene era, which witnessed both the biological and cultural evolution of the earliest men, probably began about a million years ago. An era of profound environmental change, it was marked above all by a succession of climatic fluctuations of sufficient magnitude to produce major shifts of animals and plants as well as changes in the disposition of land and water sufficient to alter, sometimes drastically, the possibilities of human migration and settlement. The existence of these repeated fluctuations in the conditions under which the earliest men lived is significant for two reasons: it affords some insight into the kinds of challenge encountered by our forebears, both as biological organisms and as builders of culture; and it provides a broad framework of natural chronology for the early stages of his prehistory.

In the existing temperate zone and in the tropics at high altitudes the most dramatic feature of the Pleistocene was the extension and contraction of ice-sheets. Sheets of boulder-clay of the type laid down by glaciers and trains of boulders marking their passage, as well as more prominent topographic features, like the moraines deposited by ice-sheets withdrawing from their former margins, show that great ice-sheets covered extensive parts of North America and Europe which now enjoy temperate conditions. In periglacial zones immediately beyond the margin of the ice, great sheets of loess, a fine dust blown out of exposed frost-soils by winds issuing from glaciated territories, blanketed the landscape, and during temperate episodes between glacial phases their surfaces weathered, leaving a clear record of climatic fluctuations.

The direct effects of the Pleistocene glaciations on early man, through their denial of areas for settlement and through the barriers they interposed against human migration, though locally considerable, were less widespread than those of the geographical and biological changes associated with them. For instance the locking up of water in ice-sheets had a profound influence on sea-levels: calculations show that the excess over what is contained in the existing ice-caps would have been sufficient to reduce sea-levels around 325 feet and geological evidence points to a lowering of sea-levels during Pleistocene times of just this order of magnitude. Where thick, immensely heavy ice-sheets were formed, the earth's crust might locally be temporarily depressed, only to recover again when the ice melted, an effect known as isostasy; in areas subject to heavy glaciation, therefore, the onset of a glacial period might entail a depression of the land in relation to the sea. Nevertheless, apart from areas under or immediately contiguous to ice-sheets, glaciations were marked by falls, and interglacial periods by rises of sea-level, producing what are known as eustatic changes—enough to form or intersect land-bridges of cardinal importance to human migration.

Over the extensive tropical and subtropical territories, which played so important a part both in the early genesis of man and in his culture, as well as in the development of farming and urban life, climatic change expressed itself in pronounced and prolonged periods of heavier rainfall—so-called pluvial periods—interrupted by interpluvial ones with lower rainfall, marked respectively by such pheno-

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mena as rises and falls of lake-levels and the activity and inactivity of springs.

No less profound were the biological consequences of the changes of climate of which glaciations and pluvials and subsidiary episodes were merely local expressions. What was in effect happening with each major cycle was a shifting back and forth of climatic zones: when ice-sheets expanded into temperate zones, rain-belts encroached on subtropical ones and the tropics themselves contracted; conversely, when ice-sheets retreated, temperate conditions began to reassert themselves over territories formerly covered by ice and deserts to reclaim regions temporairly revived by temperate conditions.

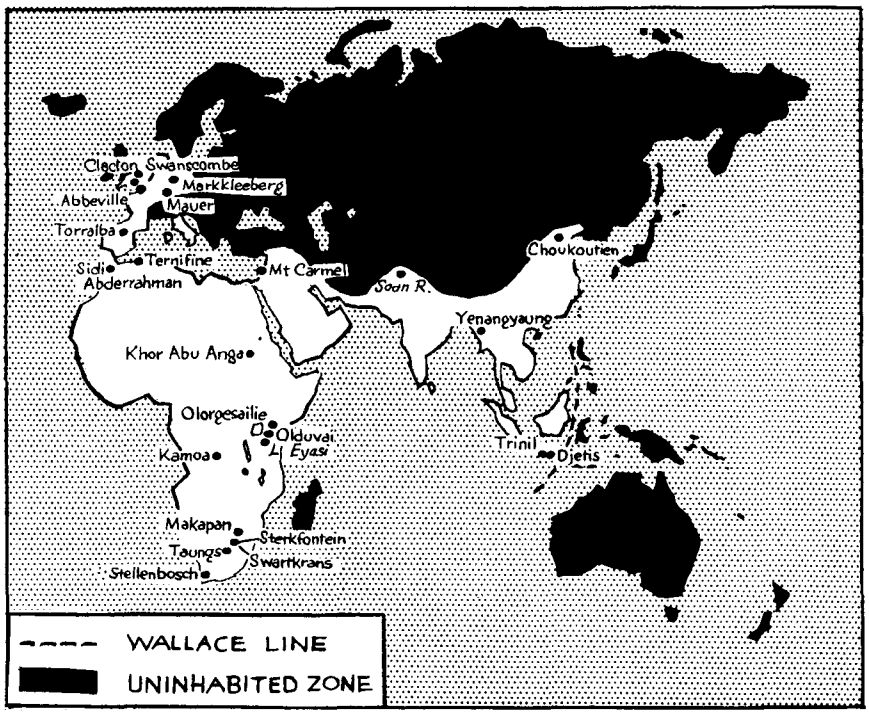
Apart from their direct impact, climatic changes influenced the conditions of human life profoundly through the plants and animals on which mankind depended for food as well as for many of the substances required for his material culture. Widespread transformations in vegetation were an inevitable accompaniment of climatic cycles of sufficient magnitude to bring about large-scale glaciations; tundra, coniferous, deciduous and evergreen forests, desert and tropical rain-forests all shifted in response to changes of precipitation and temperature. Equally, since they depended directly on vegetation, the herbivorous animals with which man was principally concerned reacted in similar fashion to the onset and retreat of each climatic cycle, so that a forest fauna might in any particular locality be replaced by one adapted to steppe or tundra conditions and vice versa.

The cumulative effect on human societies of these major fluctuations in the character of the external environment must have been all the greater in view of the pitifully small cultural capital available during prehistoric times. When it is remembered that they were repeated at frequent intervals during the million years or so of the Pleistocene—no less than fifteen times if the evidence of ocean cores is to be relied upon—it is hard to resist the idea that some causative link must have existed between them and the process of change involved in man's biological and cultural evolution. Environmental change was a potent agent of biological mutation, just as it stimulated migration and emphasized isolation. On the cultural side anthropological studies suggest that at any given moment of time an apparent equilibrium exists between any human society and the habitat (soil and climate) and biome (vegetation and animal life) of the ecosystem (total natural setting) in which it subsists and of which in a sense it forms an integral part: any change in habitat or biome must of necessity call for readjustments in human society of a kind involving cultural change, migration, or both, the outcome of which is the establishment of a new and likewise temporary equilibrium. . . .

It is wisest to admit that we do not yet know when the existing races of *Homo sapiens* came into being. What seems most likely is that they arose as a result of gradual genetic diversification following on the widespread migrations and colonization of new territories that occurred some time during the final major glacial cycle. The degree to which the distribution of certain well-defined pigmentation types fits in with that of specific environments, after due allowance is made for the effect of migration since the period of characterization, is sufficiently close to suggest that differences of pigmentation must have been to some degree adaptive: thus in the Old World blonde fair-skinned people tend to go with a cool, cloudy habitat; brunettes with the strong sunlight and bright skies of climates like that of the Mediterranean area; the darkest skinned with the hottest, non-forested regions (for example, the savanna of Africa); and those with yellowish skin and crinkly hair with the tropical rain-forests of Africa and south-east Asia. Again, there are sound reasons for linking width of nasal aperture with climate, since it is a function of the nose to mitigate the temperature of the air before it is drawn into the lungs: it is therefore not at all surprising to observe the narrow nostrils of the Eskimo or even the North European, the medium ones of the Mediterranean or the broad ones of the Negro. Yet it would be quite wrong to suppose that all geographical variations were necessarily adaptive, since the isolation which must have increased as man extended his geographical range coud well in itself have been sufficient to promote genetic variations.

A last point to make is that early types of men were confined to the warmer parts of the Old World: their remains are found widely over Africa from Algeria to the Cape; in Europe as far north as lowland England and central Germany; in western Asia up to the mountains of northern Iran; in India, south-east Asia and Indonesia; and as far east as the Makassar Strait, coinciding with the great biological divide first recognized by Darwin's collaborator, A. R. Wallace. It was not until some time after *Homo sapiens* had emerged in his modern form that he occupied northern Eurasia and spread on the one hand into the New World and on the other into Australia and Tasmania and across Polynesia to New Zealand. The extension of human settlement over progressively wider territories was made possible by the relatively unspecialized character of *Homo sapiens* as a biological species, but above all by the possession of culture, by means of which man has been able to adapt himself to the widest range of environments.

—Grahame Clark,
in "World Prehistory"
(Cambridge U. Press, $6.)



—*Doug Anderson, after the book.*

The prehistoric world to the end of the Middle Pleistocene.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *To a deeper appreciation of the special talents of so-called lower forms of life. As more has been learned about the existence of rhythms heretofore unsuspected, science has increasingly concentrated on the nervous systems of fish, birds, insects and more primitive mammals such as bats. That bats can snare food in flight through the use of their own highly specialized radar is well known. More obscure is the story of the bat that skims the water at night (see photo, right) and catches fish with the claws on its toes. Can this strange little flying animal locate objects in the water as well as in the air? The Office of Naval Research is looking into this question—a submarine problem—and the report below is an adaptation from a recent issue of Naval Research Reviews.*

—Courtesy Prof. D. R. Griffin.

By J. J. G. McCUE
Lincoln Laboratory, MIT

MAINLY through the work of Prof. D. R. Griffin of Harvard University, it has been known since about 1940 that bats navigate and hunt by means of airborne sonar [sound navigation and range-finding]. Because of evidence that bat sonars are impressively effective systems, Lincoln Laboratory [of Massachusetts Institute of Technology] has recently undertaken to evaluate some of them and to find out what principles underlie their design. Most of the work is concerned with insect-eating bats; it deals with such questions as how one family of bats track and intercepts mosquitoes by using pulses about seventy feet long, how another family of bats profits from the use of frequency-modulated pulses. However, certain other bats seemed to demand attention, because they catch fish.

The potential usefulness of a sonar device for finding underwater targets from an airplane does not need arguing. The Lincoln Laboratory bat study therefore has examined two questions: Do the fishing bats use sonar to find their prey? If they do, how do they overcome the formidable difficulties that arise from the severe mismatch in the specific acoustical impedances of air and water?

Of the very few kinds of bats that fish for a living, the one most accessible from Massachusetts is *Noctilio leporinus*, which inhabits parts of the Caribbean area. In the most detailed of the reports on this bat that have appeared in the scientific literature, P. Bloedel showed in 1955 that *Noctilio* catches fish by gaffing them with the well-developed claws of the bat's feet. This the bat does by flying low over the water, dipping the feet from time to time and dragging them for distances of a few inches to a few feet. Some fraction of the time, this dipping results in pulling out a fish.

Bloedel experimented with captive bats fishing from a shallow tray. Observations of these bats led him to believe that they dip their feet at random, and catch fish simply because the fish are abundant. His experiments, however, were not entirely convincing, since they did not closely reproduce the conditions normally encountered by the fishing bat.

As a first step in finding out whether this bat located targets under water by the use of airborne sonar, Prof. Griffin and the author made a reconnaisance of this bat in Panama and Trinidad. The objectives of the trip were (1) to find where *Noctilio* could be observed while fishing, and in a place where electronic instruments could be used without too great difficulty; (2) to establish a source of supply for possible transportation of the bats to Cambridge, and to learn enough about them to be able to maintain them in captivity for laboratory use; (3) to choose a tropical site for study of captive *Noctilio* near their habitat; (4) to observe the fishing activity in order to lay plans and prepare instruments for a field study of it.

The first site visited was the Canal Zone Biological Station on Barro Colorado Island, a wildlife sanctuary in the Panama Canal Zone. Three nights of observing resulted in many interesting contacts with various fauna, but in only one brief glimpse of a single *Noctilio*. The next site was a shallow fresh-water pool in a branch of the Upper Chagres River, above Santa Rosa in the Republic of Panama. Here *Noctilio* were plentiful and were observed for several hours, on two successive moonlit nights, from a dugout canoe beached on a sand bar.

Operations were then transferred to Trinidad, with headquarters at the field station maintained near Arima by the New York Zoological Society. Nearly all the observing was done at the U.S. Naval Air Station at Chaguaraumus. Here the water was salt, and it was not so sheltered as was the pool in the Chagres River. The waves had a trough to peak height of perhaps as much as four to six inches.

During the first few nights, no bats could be found fishing, though it was easy to find them roosting in caves. These were the nights near full moon. Some natives believe that the bats avoid fishing at this time because they may themselves be snatched at by fish much larger than they are. Be that as it may, as soon as the moon began to rise later in the evening, the bats appeared at dusk and began to fish. Though no correlation between ultrasonic-pulse repetition rate and foot-dipping had been observed in Panama, the ultrasonic detector [used in the experiments] showed that the bats in Trinidad markedly raise their repetition rate during a burst of pulses just before they dip, much as insect-catching bats do just before catching a flying insect (D. R. Griffin, "Listening in the Dark," Yale University Press, 1958.) It is not certain that the fishing bats always increase their pulse rate before dipping, but in no case when the bat was visible did it raise the rate and then fail to dip. This correlation strongly suggests that the bat does use sonar in his fishing. There is at present no knowledge as to whether these bats detect an underwater target by sonar—they may simply detect ripples made by a fish just below the surface.

The trip showed that it is both practical and desirable to apply electronic techniques to a field study of how the bat does find the fish. Work on the fishing bat will be continued. The New York Zoological Society has offered the use of its facilities near Arima so that observations of fishing under controlled conditions can be carried out during the coming year.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

SOUTHWESTERN BIRTH PAINS

My only disagreement with your otherwise timely lead article, "Renaissance in the Southwest," is with its title. Does not a renaissance mean a new birth or revival? Pray tell us, when did this area have its first or primary intellectual birth, its classical period, and its fall into ignorance?

Patrick Groff.

San Diego, Calif.

Your June 3 issue, headlined "Renaissance in the Southwest" had me so intrigued, I must have broken the speed limits enroute home from the post office. I thought you might have been surveying the hopeful program for the American Indians that is being instituted by President Kennedy's staff and were giving us a progress report. No doubt the renaissance you headlined is important and I am glad that it is in the works, but for me there will be no renaissance in New Mexico and Arizona till the lot of those Indians is improved and equalized with the rest of our country.

Mrs. Herbert S. Zim.

Homestead, Fla.

It seems to me that as important for the renaissance in the Southwest as the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest proposed by Lloyd V. Berkner is a statement that this Center will be an integrated program. I'm sorry he said nothing about this.

Nathan Hurvitz.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Berkner's article "Renaissance in the Southwest," was indeed enlightening to myself as a former Southwesterner. It is an undisputed fact that industrial and scientific growth are tied quite closely together. However, Mr. Berkner seems to forget that the industrial and scientific advances which he desires and envisions for the Southwest will not come without a price tag. The price will be the problems created by the economic and sociological changes that will come about as the Southwest continues its long-awaited "renaissance." I would like to ask Mr. Berkner what his Graduate Research Center plans to do in the field of anticipating, studying and facilitating the socio-economic changes. Also, how is it going to help solve the resultant socio-economic problems? It seems to me that Mr. Berkner in recognizing the importance of the physical sciences has forgotten the importance of the social sciences in relation to growth, progress, change and "renaissance." Mr. Berkner is not alone in this respect.

W. Robert Brazelton.

Milwaukee, Wis.

As a new Southwesterner, I have read Dr. Berkner's article on "Renaissance in the Southwest" with interest and distress. The interest is easy to explain for, of course, it would be nice to have a Brookhaven in our midst. As to the distress, well, there is first your editorial comment that we are an intellectually backward region. My fond hope that we are at least less depressed than the South is thus destroyed. But more distressing is the level-headed rather than high-minded reasons that Dr. Berkner gave for having such a center here. They are briefly: (1) so we can keep up with the Northeast (the Joneses), (2) so we (the larger "we" this time) can keep up with the Russians (the Ivanovs), (3) so we have enough technologists to feed into our industries. Now, these are O.K., but how about a word or two for Light and Truth, *Lux et Veritas*—these lofty sentiments that still grace, perhaps anachronistically, many of our college mottoes? What would be a motto for the Graduate Research Center: Beat Northeast, More Technologists for More Industries? But this is perhaps a small point, for we have to get the money somehow. It is clear that the scientists that will staff the center cannot have achieved their pre-eminence through such ideals.

Yi-Fu Tuan.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

The plans for a Graduate Research Center in the Southwest, described by Lloyd Berkner in your June 3 issue, foresee the establishment of units in the physical sciences only. No mention of any provision for the social sciences is made.

Is this actually the case?

And, if so, is it because research in the social sciences cannot be expected to produce knowledge commercially or technologically exploitable, that would induce private industry to contribute a substantial portion of the funds needed for the endowment and maintenance of such a center?

Helen Michejda.

Redlands, Calif.

Editor's note: *Some students of science dispute the contention that the social sciences are not commercial or technologically exploitable. These people would say that social scientists are among those responsible for some of the more deplorable practices of Madison Avenue. In any case, Lloyd Berkner made clear the attitude of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest toward the social sciences in the following statement: "All this must be entirely apart from the students and professors required to satisfy the needs for the master's degree and for other graduate and post-doctoral objectives. Nor can the liberal arts colleges be neglected."*

Concerning the question of racial integration at the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest, John Erik Jonsson, chairman of the board of the Center, says: "We are interested in the quality and development of men's minds and the contribution those minds can make to the future of the Southwest and the Nation; the color of men's skin pigmentation is not important."

Although he was not embarrassed by the integration question, Mr. Jonsson ran into trouble at last month's commencement exercises at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, over an exploit wrongly attributed to him in SR's Personality Portrait LXIII. It was a four year high school course Mr. Jonsson completed in three years—not the rigorous four year engineering course at Rensselaer.

TOO COMPLICATED

Bravo for complicated water but Sodium Chloride is NaCl not NaC as stated on page forty-eight SR 6/3/61. But thanks for an entertaining, educational story.

Harvey S. Richman.

Flushing, New York

MDs ON *MD*

It seems to me that your castigation of MD Publications has become a little ridiculous. I have never received *MD of Canada,* but I assume it is similar to *MD* (in the U.S.), because it has the same editor and name. Dr. Marti-Ibanez is a noted medical historian, and *MD* is of interest mainly for its articles and illustrations on ancient and medieval medicine. The short scientific resumes are read, if at all, with a large measure of salt. Most doctors are deluged with free medical and paramedical literature, and I think we have sense enough to accept at full face value

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only articles in publications by purely scientific organizations.

CHARLES REACH, M.D.
Oxnard, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The criticism of* MD of Canada *did not originate with SR's Science Editor but with Dr. John O. Godden, Associate Editor of the* Canadian Medical Association Journal. *Dr. Godden is a licensed physician. Prior to taking his present post with* CMAJ, *he served on the faculty of preventive medicine at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia.*

Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, publisher of MD of Canada *and its United States twin,* MD, *does claim medical history as a specialty. His most recent book was "Centaur," published by* MD *Publications, Inc. "Centaur" was reviewed in* Archives of Internal Medicine, *an American Medical Association journal, by one of the most eminent medical researchers in North America, Iowan Dr. William B. Bean, chairman of the board of regents of The National Library of Medicine, in the following vein:*

"The paper jacket of 'Centaur' has a description of Marti-Ibanez' achievements, written in his ineffable style, presumably autobiographical, emphasizing the fact that Esquire, Art & Architecture, Gentry, Town & Country, *and fantasy-story magazines have had regular contributions from him. The cover goes on to state that Dr. Marti-Ibanez is now engaged in writing a tetralogy of the history of medicine, though from the first two books in the series, 'Centaur and Men,' and 'Molds and History,' one wonders if tetralogy should not have been teratology. . . ."*

NEW FRONTIER?

RESEARCH SEEKS means of successfully grafting skin between persons who are not identical twins. Your magazine must have readers who are involved in this problem, or know someone who is. To them I would like to mention that a possible solution might be found in the remarkable parastic behavior of the male angler fish towards the female. The male, far smaller than the female, attaches itself by its teeth to the belly of the female. It stays there permanently. Its jaw and tongue grow into the tissue of the host's body. Their blood circulatory system join into one. Here appears to be an instance of grafting between two living "dissimilar" bodies.

Several more similar cases are known. The green starworm *(Bonellia)* and barnacles (order *Cirripedia*) are instances. Reference to the cases cited here are found on pages 136 and pages 178-183 of "Creatures of the Deep" by Klaus Grenther and Kurt Deckert (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1956).

I am in no position to know whether or not anyone has investigated the above behavior in any effort to determine the mechanism which permits the "dissimilar" bodies to join permanently without leading to intolerance of one skin to the other. If no one has, then the matter is certainly worth a study. In any case I am curious to learn further details about this possible approach to skin-grafting.

S. MARZULLA.
Washington, D. C.

Notes from the Crimea

Continued from page 20

uine fact tied to genuine commitment. Also, there could be no mistaking either the importance attached by the Americans to peace or their insistence that the peace had to be a durable one, involving hard facts of structure and enforceability. For their part, the Americans came away with a detailed understanding of the underpinning that supports fundamental Soviet policy and strategy. Here were some of the main props as this observer appraised them:

1) Questions affecting the national *prestige* may be at least as important to the Soviet Union as, if not more important than, traditional Marxist or ideological questions.

2) Marxist dogma does not automatically harmonize with necessity on the national level; in such cases, the national necessity tends to prevail.

3) The Soviet leaders have not given up their belief in the ultimate triumph of socialism, although the nature of that socialism may be considerably different from the textbook definitions.

4) This ultimate triumph will come about, Soviet leaders seem to believe, because the United States in particular and the West in general have little or no rapport with the broad historical upheaval now affecting the majority of the world's people, especially in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Many of these peoples live in a condition of economic feudalism. The inability of the United States to come forward with any dynamic program of economic and social reform that has relevance for most of the Asian, African, and South American peoples will cost the U.S. whatever leadership position to which it now aspires. In short, there seems to be a belief that the U.S. will default on the leadership level because it has no economic and social philosophy to advocate to go along with political freedom.

5) The socialist world believes it can beat capitalism at its own game; i.e., it believes it can undersell the United States in the world markets. Already, Soviet-produced oil is being offered in some places at under the American price.

• • •

Obviously, nuclear war cannot be regarded by Soviet leaders as the means of pursuing these objectives unless suicide is regarded as a means to an end. The same is also true of the United States. If the United States is seriously concerned about the challenge, it will put at least as much effort and intelligence into the non-military effort as it has into its war preparations. Indeed, the military approach alone inevitably leads to a dead end.

We are already in the stage of overkill. Additional overkill will not decrease the present insecurity. We need a program literally ablaze with moral imagination and thrust, one that aims at nothing less than the reshaping of human society in the making of a better—and also safer—tomorrow for the totality of mankind. —N.C.

Upon a Name

By Barbara Overmyer

IN Nigeria, 1937,
In the dark of the rainy season I was born
Without anesthetics, and my mother said
"A woman's a fool to go through this more than once."
And the chief came to my father and said
(freely paraphrased from the Hausa)
"A girl? Too bad, old chap."

And I cried
And they called me Barbara, the stranger
(but the chief called me Mazaka).
And they shot me full of quinine for the fever
And took me on to Liverpool
As befitted a missionary's daughter.

Barbara, foreigner,
What world is this?

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For Rent—Furnished

LOS ANGELES, near UCLA. Living room, fireplace, piano, dining room, 2 bedrooms and den. Linens, dishes, washing machine, fruit trees. Gardener and water paid. $275 month, academic or full year. Mandel, 2350 Glendon, W. Los Angeles 64.

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD COTTAGES. Seasonal to bimonthly. $300-$800 monthly. Covering several seashore towns. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Orleans, Massachusetts. Phone 552.

WILTON, CONNECTICUT. 1779 farmhouse, playhouse and stables. July 16th-September 2nd, $100 weekly. Phone POrter 2-3796.

HOUSES WANTED

ARTIST WOULD LIKE buy or rent "arty" weekend studio—fireplace, privacy. . . $12,000 or under, within 60 miles New York. Box T-300.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

DOWNTOWN EFFICIENCY APARTMENT. Winter season. 11 Stewart Street, Kissimmee, Florida.

APARTMENTS WANTED

Unfurnished

MAGAZINE COUPLE requires living room, bedroom or sleeping alcove, separate kitchen, East Side or Village NYC. About $160. Box T-246.

PHILADELPHIA—Advertising executive being transferred needs interesting 3½ room apartment July 17th. Box T-290.

APARTMENT EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE LOVELY 1 bedroom apartment Beverly Hills, California for same in Manhattan for month of October. Box T-283.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CONKLIN, N.Y. Build your castle here on magnificent country hilltop! Ideal property for family estate—52 acres. Unsurpassed commanding view 1½ miles into valley. Off main highway—away from traffic and noise, and yet only 12 miles from city. $6,500 cash. Box T-265.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS. Near Ravinia Music Festival, summer theatres, beach, fine schools, shopping. 152-foot frontage, fully improved, private lane. $12,000. Box T-282.

IDEAL LOCATION for retirement, cultural pursuits, business or professional practice. Charming, historic University town. Mild winters. Village spirit, cosmopolitan atmosphere. For brochures, information write Box T-511.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BOOKSTORE in two-story Martha's Vineyard house. Oil heat, well-appointed, good book stock. House and books $25,000. Box 102, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

CAMPS

THE APPEL FARM. Art & Music Center for Children is a unique combination of fun—arts—farm life—family life. Ideal for first time campers. Part season enrollment available. Brochure. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

(Continued on page 42)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 41)

VACATIONS

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Breakfast in bed. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

VAILL HOTEL And Country Club, Block Island, Rhode Island. Owner-supervised. Restful accommodations overlooking ocean. Private beach and golf course, superb sport-fishing, etc. Delicious food! Recommended by Duncan Hines. American Plan. Telephone: HOward 6-2351. Folder D.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

CAPE COD country inn, American charm, hospitality. High Brewster, Brewster, Massachusetts.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

MEET OUR MORGANS! Explore our trails! West River Lodge, Newfane, Vermont.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure. VIctor 6-4059.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate: luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

HERITAGE HILL, Holland, R.F.D. Southbridge, Massachusetts. Rolling lawns, quiet lakes, airy rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

SUMMER ON FARMS and hotels welcoming children. Also off-beaten-track resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

POCONOS. Outstanding studio housekeeping units. Beautiful estate. Write for informative brochure. The Robbins Farm, Saylorsburg 6, Pennsylvania.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Always cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

WILL SHARE hilltop home informally with few special persons of limited budget, appreciative of peace, beauty, old world charm. Mrs. Apolant, Worcester, New York.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. New heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Folder.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing at The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania. Brochure S. June 23rd-October 16th.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. Special summer rates. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

VACATIONS

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

BASS ARE BITING on Spednic Lake, Libby's Camps, Vanceboro, Maine.

SLOUCH-ON-THE-COUCH comfort; weekends only—unforgettable food. TWIN PALETTE, Mahopac, N.Y. MAhopac 8-2047 (evenings).

MAINE'S VACATION ISLAND. De luxe housekeeping cottages. 2-4 bedrooms, $55-$75 weekly. Daily ferry service. Lloyd Pendleton, Islesboro, Maine.

IF IT'S A TRULY LOVELY LAKE you like, enchanting woods, sports, good food, fine music, cottages or cabins, then try our mountaintop "hideaway." Tennis, shuffleboard, barbecues, patio lunches, library, loafing patio, chip-in cocktail parties. Everything for an unhurried vacation. Rustic, unpretentious, relaxing. Chanterwood, Box 81, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

MUSEUM-PIECE: Monhegan's cliffs, shore and sea have inspired museum-owned canvases in some thirty of America's art museums. Obviously, land-and-seascape worth recording. And enjoying. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Recommended in Duncan Hines' Vacation Guide.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

SUMMIT. Sherburne, Vermont. Sumptuous mountain skiers retreat! Summer rates. Folder.

THIS YEAR'S HOTEL on this year's island. . . . THE COZUMEL CARIBE, Cozumel Island, Mexico. Now accepting reservations for the 1961-62 winter season.

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WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

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SEARCHING FOR SEA, sand and stars? Stay at HIGH TOR, Ogunquit, Maine. Folder.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh: JOhn 2-1232.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1961 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, New York. Informal, rustic, beautiful. American Plan—Housekeeping.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

ADIRONDACK PANACEA: nestled village, towering mountains, bountiful lakes. Four music festivals. All sports, relaxations. Accommodations for families, singles. Vacation Bureau, Schroon Lake, New York.

VACATIONS

THE LOOKOUT, Ogunquit #2, Maine. One of Ne England's foremost resort hotels. New swimmi pool. Beautiful grounds, gardens. Exceptional meal Open through September 6th. Color folder.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacati luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, fle ibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, whe a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send t Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewo folders, yes.

LONG VIEW LODGE, Long Lake, New York. Mode hotel and cottages, high Adirondacks. Boating, fi ing, private sand beach. Informal, home-style mea Moderate rates. Booklet S. NYC phone: WIsconsin 2611.

TRAVEL

COMBINE YOUR MEXICAN VACATION with Adventu For itineraries into areas still untouched by touris write Off The Beaten Track Tours, 429 Winslo Long Beach 14, California.

STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near eve thing—United Nations. midtown shops, just a sh bus ride for the theatres. Rates are moderate, commodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the T o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Din Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private b from $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driv to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 4 Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New Y 17, New York for the SR map showing how avoid city traffic.

SAILING VACATIONS—Cruise beautiful Bahamas Islands (from Bimini to Nassau) aboard gleami 96-ft. schooner CAREFREE. Help sail the ship—relax in the sun. Great fishing and skindiving, fi food, congenial shipmates. From $175. Write phone: Tradewinds Cruises, Ltd., P.O. Box 774-S Coral Gables, Florida. Highlands 8-6136.

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GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albe East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moder rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

ASIAN ADVENTURE VI: The tour you'll still be talki about in 1999! Personally conducted, a limited gro leaves San Francisco September 24th for Jap Hong Kong, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Singapore a Hawaii. Tourist air: $2,895, First Class air: $3,2 Gotham Travel Service, Inc., 12 East 86th Stre New York City 28.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1423

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Noisy response of the choughs to the gun's report ("Midsummer Night's Dream").	59 78 175 41 118 11
B. The Greek multitude (2 wds.).	174 141 32 13 143 2 72 152 149
C. To certify.	12 16 99 36 55 88
D. Official "poste" in charge of letters left to be called for.	127 74 39 166 84 140 113 138
E. Latvian.	65 146 56 42
F. Aristophanes' rival who won first prize for comedy seven times (5th cent. B.C.).	19 28 132 3 83 100 142
G. A U.S. governor of a state who resigned in 1943 to enter the Navy.	177 69 102 85 31 90 75
H. In the terminology of the old chemistry, hydrofluoric.	95 105 60 89 92 23 176 37
I. Something curved, long, slender, white, graceful.	116 114 131 45 62 10 1 170
J. Memorable; distinguished.	6 50 135 71 14 103 77
K. Describing Omar's Bird of Time (3 wds.).	110 154 136 47 18 80 86 107 7
L. Place mentioned by one deaf old lady to another, on the English bus, answer to which was, "No, this is Thursday".	171 163 91 158 66 15 148

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Constitutional Amendment providing for each new Congress to convene on Jan. 3.	147 17 64 35 8 168 106 156 109
N. One of Fatima's sons, Mohammed's grandson.	167 123 93 40 97 139
O. Town in Canal Zone on Gatun Lake.	38 121 144 128 54 160 26
P. Hardy heroine, 1891.	63 30 79 111
Q. Question, asking to identify a single item out of several (2 wds.).	129 9 61 101 137 165 20 112
R. Leaving out.	157 49 145 108 164 44 87 151
S. Certain root used for adulterating coffee.	98 122 172 24 21 57 43
T. Modern name for Mount Olympus (2 wds.).	70 162 22 178 53 126
U. Suppose we look at it (2 wds.).	82 48 52 119 76 159 67
V. Darting momentary pains.	27 104 5 130 155 81 33
W. Farthest limit; greatest power, etc.	25 173 180 115 51 94
X. In Scots Laws, the harboring of stolen goods, or of a criminal.	134 125 4 120 46
Y. Town near Buenos Aires.	117 73 68 179 161 58 29
Z. Certain brioche named for famous French gourmet.	150 133 124 34 96 153 169

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 I	2 B	3 F	4 X	5 V	6 J	7 K		8 M	9 Q	10 I		11 A	12 C	13 B		14 J
15 L	16 C	17 M	18 K	19 F	20 Q		21 S	22 T	23 H		24 S	25 W	26 O	27 V	28 F	29 Y
30 P	31 G		32 B	33 V		34 Z		35 M	36 C	37 H	38 O	39 D	40 N	41 A	42 E	43 S
	44 R	45 I		46 X	47 K	48 U		49 R	50 J	51 W	52 U		53 T	54 O	55 C	56 E
57 S	58 Y	59 A	60 H		61 Q	62 I	63 P	64 M	65 E	66 L	67 U	68 Y	69 G	70 T	71 J	72 B
	73 Y	74 D	75 G	76 U	77 J		78 A	79 P		80 K	81 V	82 U	83 F		84 D	85 G
	86 K	87 R		88 C	89 H	90 G		91 L	92 H	93 N	94 W		95 H	96 Z	97 N	98 S
99 C	100 F	101 Q	102 G	103 J		104 V	105 H	106 M	107 K		108 R	109 M	110 K	111 P	112 Q	
113 D	114 I	115 W		116 I	117 Y	118 A	119 U	120 X	121 O		122 S	123 N	124 Z	125 X		126 T
127 D	128 O	129 Q	130 V		131 I	132 F	133 Z	134 X	135 J		136 K	137 Q	138 D	139 N		140 D
141 B		142 F	143 B	144 O	145 R	146 E	147 M	148 L		149 B	150 Z		151 R	152 B	153 Z	154 K
155 V		156 M	157 R		158 L	159 U		160 O	161 Y	162 T	163 L		164 R	165 Q		166 D
167 N	168 M	169 Z	170 I		171 L	172 S	173 W	174 B		175 A	176 H	177 G	178 T	179 Y	180 W	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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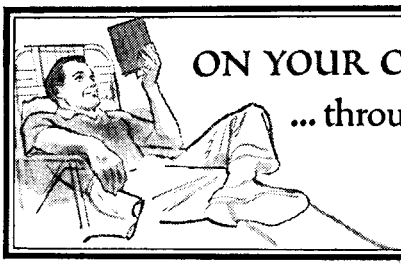

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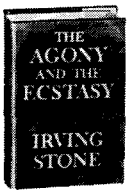

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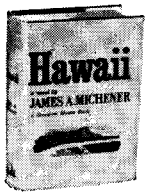

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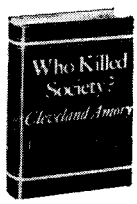

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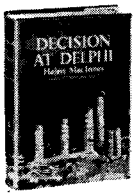

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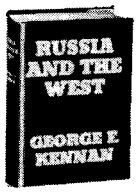

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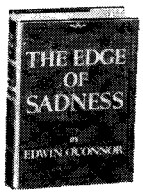

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